

The ROTARIAN



The Lands of Rising Hope—Robert Rienow
Dilemma of the Wild—Archibald Rutledge
Do Strikes Hurt the Economy?—A Debate

AUGUST • 1961



MEMO:

THE ROTARIAN is, in effect, jointly "owned" by its member-subscribers. It seems appropriate, therefore, that you should be informed of recent results in attracting quality advertisers to the columns of your Magazine.

THE ROTARIAN has shown an increase of 91% in advertising in the January through June issues. This is particularly interesting because it occurred during a period of generally decreased ad-volume in magazines.

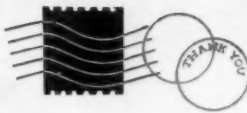
You, the reader, are primarily responsible for these pleasing results. Our advertisers, like most of our readers, are businessmen. They must know what they are buying before they make an investment. We give them basic facts: circulation, readership information, market data, case histories, etc. But most important, when advertisers present their messages in your Magazine, you readers respond.

Generally speaking, THE ROTARIAN is gaining an increasingly favorable reputation among professional advertising people as a quality publication with an outstanding market which produces exceptional response from its readers.

We are doing some new things here. Market Facts, Inc., a capable and respected research firm, has just completed a major subscriber-market study of THE ROTARIAN. Daniel Starch & Staff is conducting periodic readership studies on the Magazine. Several other projects are under way. Results are available to all current and prospective advertisers.

So much for a brief report. And many thanks for your loyalty and confidence in your Magazine. These are the priceless ingredients which will lead to continued success and an increasingly better publication for you.

Your Letters



More Candidates a Threat

In the debate-of-the-month for June, *Elect Judges?*, both advocates made fine presentations. But, after all, would you expect less from lawyers of their standing?

If the debate is to be decided on the two briefs submitted, Mr. Kennelley defeats himself. He speaks of the "people's right to choose . . . judges." Then he admits that the candidates are nominated by party bosses. So what chance do the people have under his system?

However, this is a subject on which Rotarians must do their own thinking. They should be reminded that the U.S.A. is not a democracy but a republic. The Founding Fathers in 1787 supported the theory that it is impossible for citizens to run the Government intelligently in the time left after earning a living. They must delegate their authority to a limited number of legislators and executives.

The greater the number of candidates on a ballot, the less chance there is that the voter knows what he is doing. Any move to increase the number of candidates on the ballot, such as judges, is a threat to good government.

—L. LEE LAYTON, JR., *Rotarian*
Groceries Distributor
Dover, Delaware

'Only SELF-Disciplined Are Free'

I was depressed because of the omission of the word "self" before "disciplined" in the heading of the article by J. C. Penney [*Only the Disciplined Are Free*, THE ROTARIAN for June].

Hitler's devoted followers were "disciplined," but were they "free"?

To me there are two kinds of discipline: external, applied by a force out-

side an individual; and internal, applied by a force within an individual. Both are necessary in the development of each individual and of every nation.

Each individual begins his human life with a need for a maximum of external controls. These may be symbolized by a diagonally folded square of cloth and a safety pin. But such a set of controls certainly cannot be the ultimate goal of life in a freedom-loving country.

Self-control, gradually acquired in increasing degrees through guidance and education in meaningful situations, is one of the great aims in our nation. Those who cannot attain to this inner control have to continue to be controlled from without—by police, by State highway patrols, by antitrust laws, and by all the other swaddling clothes of persistent social infants who have never learned that only the self-disciplined are free.

—IRVING W. SMITH, *Rotarian*
School Superintendent
Richmond, California

Try the Golden Rule

I am deeply sympathetic with Alfonso Martin as he outlines the problem of poverty in the Latin countries [see *The Red Threat to Latin America*, THE ROTARIAN for June].

The fundamental difficulty standing in front of "have not" nations, it appears to me, is their lack of respect for private capital. To be sure, they invite private capital to their shores, but as soon as the time seems propitious they confiscate it. I had to go through this experience, acting as my father's agent years ago. The result was that I resolved if ever I had capital to invest, it would not go to a Latin country.

The question arises, however: how can respect for private capital be developed? Mr. Martin, in his last paragraph, says Governments must find the answer. I believe the Government is about the last agency toward whom anyone should look. A Government is only the sum total of the behaviorisms of its citizens. I believe the answer is to be found, first, in the home and home-taught religious respect for other people. Private capital is the crystallized life of the saver. If there is no respect for capital, there is no respect for the saver. But how are we to increase respect for the other man? My belief is that religion must somehow pass out of the realm of worship of the mysterious into the realm of



"Retail-store sales have gone up. Is that some of your doing, Mildred?"
AUGUST, 1961

NOTICE TO STOCK MARKET INVESTORS

With excitement mounting in the stock market—are you aware that it has now become possible for you to figure out for yourself in just one minute how good any stock is for YOU to buy, hold or sell—AT THIS TIME and FOR YOUR OWN PERSONAL GOALS?

Yes, in just one minute—whether you are an expert statistician or don't know the difference between a balance sheet and an income report! The possible benefits of this new method—originated by one of the country's largest investment research organizations—are so remarkable in terms of your potential profit and avoidance of unnecessary risk that we invite you to receive the special guide described below.

FREE

We will send you, without charge or obligation, a complete guide showing how you can yourself apply this new method of security analysis without any outside help.

(We are not investment dealers or brokers; no salesman will call.)

For your FREE GUIDE, simply send your name and address (a postcard is suggested) to: Dept. RTSM-100, Arnold Bernhard & Co., Inc., 5 East 44 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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WRITE FOR 1961 CATALOG IN COLOR — FREE
Color pictures on full line—MONROE Folding tables, chairs, table and chair trucks, platform-risers, portable partitions. Our 53rd year.
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the Golden Rule. My training in the sciences fills me to overflowing with adoration of the mysteries of creation, but such adoration still leaves me without a good basis for life with my neighbor.

My first suggestion, therefore, is that in the whole difficulty we try more earnestly to live among ourselves by the Golden Rule. My second suggestion is that our needy neighbors overhaul their religious approach to life and also accept the Golden Rule as a way of life.

—GEORGE B. RUBY, *Rotarian*
Optometrist
Ottawa, Illinois

Needed: Understanding

Congratulations for presenting Alfonso Martín's article, *The Red Threat to Latin America* [THE ROTARIAN for June].

I have travelled in and studied Latin America for many years and recently returned from a trip which took me to every country in South America. I met and talked with people from every walk of life and made a movie which will be shown to groups interested in better inter-American relations.

One of the greatest drawbacks to a better understanding on the part of people of the U.S.A. is a lack of knowledge of Latin America. Unfortunately most of the news citizens of my country get of Latin America is negative: riots, politi-

cal and social unrest, etc. To have closer relations we must know our southern neighbors better, and to know them we must:

1. Encourage the teaching of Spanish and Portuguese in the lower grades of our schools, and also Latin-American geography and history.

2. Let our newspapers know that we want the positive side of the news about Latin America, and more of it.

3. Get acquainted with one or more Latin Americans who now are in our communities and invite them to our homes and Rotary Clubs.

4. Develop, through our Rotary Clubs, more contacts with Clubs in Latin America through the exchange of Club bulletins, programs, and, best of all, letters.

5. Practice a little "grass roots" diplomacy and leave the high-level diplomacy to the Department of State. It is doing a better job than we think, but it needs our help.

For our future security and for the security of our neighbors to the south we must have hemispheric solidarity. It is late, but not too late if we start immediately by extending the hand of friendship and understanding. It will be received. I am certain, with an *abrazo*.

—RAYMOND FALLONA, *Rotarian*
Interior Decorator
Brookline, Massachusetts

'A Good Start'

It appears to me that *How to Close the Travel Gap*, by Horace Sutton [THE ROTARIAN for June], is a good start on exploiting travel in our beautiful U.S.A.

One of the much advertised trips in Europe is the all-day voyage on the Rhine, which is very beautiful, as the scenery is magnificent. Wouldn't this be a feature we could advertise along some mighty U.S.A. rivers or coastal waters?

I hope our committee on travel in the U.S.A. will get busy and cut some of the red tape cautiously so we may benefit from showing off our beautiful scenery too.

—MRS. SARAH L. WILLS
Clearwater, Florida

'Be Our Guest'

From time to time reference is made in THE ROTARIAN concerning ways in which Rotary Clubs and Rotarians distribute used copies of THE ROTARIAN. In the July issue, in the *Your Letters* column, the pianist of the Rotary Club of Douglas, Arizona, told how she passes a copy to men at near-by Fort Huachuca.

Our Magazine and Public Information Committee has as one of its objectives the collection and distribution of outdated copies of the Magazine. On each copy is pasted a gummed label which says: "Be Our Guest! This fine magazine (even though it is not the current issue) is yours to enjoy. After you have read it, we ask you to place it where someone else may enjoy reading. . . . This is a public-information program of the Rotary Club of Atlantic City."

We have distributed more than 500 copies, so identified, to waiting rooms of trains and bus stations, and also to motel and hotel lobbies.

—FRANK J. QUIGLEY, *Rotarian*
Sporting-Goods Retailer
Atlantic City, New Jersey

My Yokohama Brings Pleasure

We read with a great deal of pleasure Marcelle M. Hall's *My Yokohama* [THE ROTARIAN for June].

How wonderful it would be if we could have another such interesting article by her.

—MRS. FRANK H. MYERS
Wife of Rotarian
Sandusky, Ohio

Add: Baby Street

Horace Sutton's *My Ten Favorite Streets* in THE ROTARIAN for April and John C. Obert's *I Chose Main Street* in the June issue, and the letters about other streets, prompt me to submit Don Blanding's *Baby Street* as an interesting addition. *Baby Street* is a real street down Palama way in the tenement district of Honolulu, Hawaii. Blanding's vivid word picture, in rhyme, makes a person feel as if he were actually taking

DOING IT THE HARD WAY by hoff

(GETTING RID OF DANDRUFF, THAT IS!)



easier 3-minute way for men: FITCH

Men, get rid of embarrassing dandruff easy as 1-2-3 with FITCH! In just 3 minutes (one rubbing, one lathering, one rinsing), every trace of dandruff, grime, gummy old hair tonic goes down the drain! Your hair looks handsomer, healthier. Your scalp feels so refreshed. Use FITCH Dandruff Remover SHAMPOO every week for positive dandruff control. Keep your hair and scalp really clean, dandruff-free!



a jaunt along the street he is describing. The poem appears in the book *Vagabond's House*. It starts out in this way: *I walk quite slowly down Baby Street, Babies are everywhere . . . under my feet . . . and ends:*

*Walk very carefully . . . make your step hesitant.
One of these babies someday may be President.*

—WILLARD L. PIPPITT
Safety Engineer
Secretary, Rotary Club
South Sacramento, California

CARE Shares

I am very glad to inform you that I received a very valuable gift from the people of America through CARE of New York: a mobile eye clinic. The enclosed photo shows the keys to the motor van being turned over to me by the



Keys to better sight change hands.

Chief Minister of Bombay State, Y. B. Chavan (right). At my right is United States Consul General Robert M. Carr.

Through this additional facility I shall be able to carry on even more effectively the work which was described in THE ROTARIAN last February [see 'Do Good, . . . Then Silently Disappear'].

—DR. M. C. MODI, Hon. Rotarian
Mandya, India

Neighborliness Will Prevail

With immense interest I read the article by Bruce Hutchison in THE ROTARIAN for May [Canada and the U.S.A.]. I feel truly amazed at the factual evidence and development which could well be construed as rank antagonism, were it not possible that, in spite of everything, neighborliness [Continued on page 60]

THE ROTARIAN is published monthly by Rotary International, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A. This is the August, 1961, issue. Volume XCIX, Number 2. Second-class postage paid at Evanston, Illinois, and at additional mailing offices. Subscription rates are \$2 the year in U.S.A., Canada, and other countries to which the minimum postal rate applies; \$2.50 elsewhere; single copies, 25 cents.

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KINGSTON—MYRTLE BANK HOTEL. Crossroads of the Caribbean, swimming pool, air-conditioned annex, shopping arcade. Rotary Club meets 12:45 Thursday.

MEXICO

MONTERREY—GRAM HOTEL ANCIRA. Famous the world over. Traditional hospitality. 220 rooms. Totally air-cond. Rotary headquarters. Arturo Torraladrana, Gen. Mgr.

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN—CONDADO BEACH HOTEL. Modern, air-conditioned, ocean front hotel close to business, shopping, amusements. James Weber, GM.

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ST. MORITZ—KULM HOTEL. Leading Eu. with bath from \$6—Am. with bath from \$11.50. Rotary Club meets in winter: Tues., 12:15—F. W. Herring, Mgr.

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In the VIRGIN ISLANDS it is:
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MIAMI—COLUMBUS HOTEL. Bayfront rooms & suites. 2 restaurants. 2 bars. Air-cond. Airline term. Arthur Feenan, Mgr. Rotary Club meets Thurs. 12:15.

MIAMI BEACH—DELANO HOTEL. Ocean front—winner of National Food Award. Rotary Club meets—Tuesday noon.

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ILLINOIS

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TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS—HOTEL PEABODY. "The South's Finest—one of America's Best." 625 rooms with bath, downtown location, air-conditioned. RM Tuesday, 12:15.

TEXAS

DALLAS—HOTEL BAKER. Preferred address in Dallas. Drive-in Motor Lobby. Completely air-cond. TV in guest rooms. 700 rooms. F. J. Baker, GM Wed., 12:00.

THE 1961-62 ROTARY WORLD PHOTO CONTEST

SPONSORED BY ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

THE SECOND ROTARY WORLD
PHOTO CONTEST, APPEALING
TO PROFESSIONAL AND AMA-
TEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS ALIKE,
IS NOW UNDER WAY WITH
SIMPLER RULES, MORE PRIZES

Rotary International will award \$2,300 in prizes to 49 contest winners:

Grand Prize	\$500
4 First Prizes, each	\$100
12 Second Prizes, each	\$ 50
32 Third Prizes, each	\$ 25

How You Can Win

First, read with care the contest rules. Note that there are two classes, and that you may enter color or black-and-white photographs in either class.

"This Is Rotary" pictures should portray a Rotary Club activity or an individual member's activity in one of Rotary's four avenues of service. See the February, 1961, issues of *THE ROTARIAN* and *REVISTA ROTARIA* for last year's winners and for the comments of the judges who chose them.

"People, Places, and Things" is the category for photographs of people and scenes which portray life in your country or in other countries which you have visited.

In either class you may submit as many entries as you wish, either single photos or sequences of from two to five photos.

ENTER TO WIN



When Rotarian Isamu Tamaki attended a charter night in Atami, Japan, he took a picture, later entered it in the 1959-60 Rotary World Photo Contest. Result: at a Club meeting Club Secretary Keizo Minami (right) presented an honorable-mention certificate to Rotarian Tamaki (left), and a similar one to Club President Jiichiro Yonemoto (center) for Club display.

PURPOSES

- to spur Club activity in all avenues of Rotary service.
- to obtain an accurate report on the activities of Rotarians and Rotary Clubs around the world.
- to provide illustrations for Rotary publications and audiovisual programs.

ENTER TO SERVE



Remember the cover of *The Rotarian* for April, 1961? The photo was submitted by Rotarian Christian O. Arsjad, of East Java. Judges of the 1959-60 Rotary World Photo Contest gave it third place in its category. Many more entries will be used in various Rotary publications and in audiovisual presentations.

Photograph Club Projects

President Joseph A. Abey has urged each Rotary Club to adopt and complete at least one outstanding project in each avenue of service during the year, and that a photographic record of each Club's projects be made—beginning now. Enter the best photos or sequence of photos in the Rotary World Photo Contest. The winning entries will be displayed at Rotary's Annual Convention in Los Angeles, California, next year.

Here are just a few suggestions of pictures you might enter in Class A:

Club Service—dramatic photos of unusual Club events, activities, and meetings.

Vocational Service—photos showing how Rotarians "put Rotary to work where they work"; career conferences.

Community Service—projects, from planning to completion.

International Service—international student projects; Rotary Foundation Fellows during and after their year of study.

The next move is yours. Read the contest rules at the right, then plan how you will take part in this world-wide contest. Good luck!

REMEMBER—while the stories your pictures tell are extremely important, they will be judged also for their photographic quality.

CONTEST RULES

1961-62 ROTARY WORLD PHOTO CONTEST

Who May Enter: All Rotarians, their wives, sons, and daughters (except persons employed by Rotary International and their families) and all present and past Rotary Foundation Fellows.

What to Enter: Black-and-white photographs and color transparencies you have taken, either single pictures or in series of two to five. Class A, "This Is Rotary," is for photographs that tell a story of any Rotary activity. Class B, "People, Places, and Things," is for general-interest photographs. Color entries must be transparencies; black-and-white entries are limited in size to maximum dimensions of 11 inches by 14 inches.

When to Enter: To be eligible, entries must be received by the Photo Contest Editor on or before March 31, 1962.

How to Enter: Each entry, whether a single photo or a series, must be accompanied by an entry blank. There is no limit to the number of entries you may submit. However, prize-winning and honorable-mention entries in previous photo contests sponsored by Rotary International or *The Rotarian Magazine* will not be eligible for prizes. Address all entries to Photo Contest Editor, Rotary International, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A. All entries will be retained by Rotary International for use in serving the program of Rotary. Color transparencies only will be returned on request.

Please typewrite
or print

ENTRY BLANK

1961-62 Rotary World Photo Contest

Fill out and attach this
blank or facsimile to each
entry. Extra entry blanks
are available from the
Photo Contest Editor.

Name of entrant _____

Address _____
Street and number City State or Province Country

am (check appropriate boxes):

☐ a member of the Rotary Club of _____

☐ the wife ☐ son ☐ daughter of _____

Rotarian's name

☐ a present ☐ past Rotary Foundation Fellow

Name of his Club

his entry, described below, is submitted in:

☐ Class A (This Is Rotary) ☐ Color ☐ Black and White

☐ Class B (People, Places, and Things) ☐ Color ☐ Black and White

Description of entry:

I personally took this photograph and I hereby grant to Rotary International the right to use this entry in promoting the program of Rotary.

Address entries to: Photo Contest Editor, Rotary International, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A.

Deadline for entries: March 31, 1962

Rotary International reserves the right to request from the contestant a statement of consent by a person or persons shown in a contest entry to the use of the entry by Rotary International.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

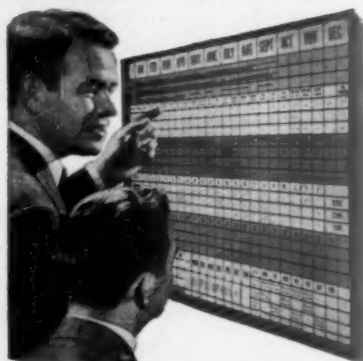
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Rotary Foundation Builders

AN ATTENDANCE contest between a pair of Rotary Clubs can result in any one of several things: steaks for the winners and beans for losers, a trophy of some kind for the winning Club, the responsibility of a program for the losers—or, in the case of the recent competition between the Rotary Club of Truro, Nova Scotia, Canada, and the Rotary Club of Streator, Illinois, U.S.A., funds for Fellows: Rotary Foundation Fellows, that is. And in this case, both losers and winners paid.

When it was announced that Truro Rotarians had won the contest, the Rotary Club of Streator made a donation of \$2 a member, earmarking the \$130 for The Rotary Foundation in the name of the Rotary Club of Truro. Then the latter Club made a similar gift to the Foundation of \$2 for each of its members.

* * * * *

Since the report in the last issue of Rotary Clubs that have contributed to The Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member, 50 Clubs have become 100 percenters for the first time since July 1, 1960. As of June 15, \$650,733 had been received since July 1, 1960. The latest first-time 100 percent contributors (with Club membership in parentheses) are:

AUSTRALIA

Stone's Corner (24); Kingaroy (22); Blayney (24).

CANADA

Lacombe, Alta. (39).

CHILE

Parral (28).

DENMARK

Vojens (22); Skaerbaek (20); Naestved Oestre (21).

ENGLAND

Marlow (40); Feltham (38); Ruislip-Northwood (37).

FINLAND

Vuoksi (27); Kupittaa (23); Juva (22); Herttoniemi-Herttonas (24).

GERMANY

Neheim-Husen (26); Passau (24).

JAPAN

Miyazaki Nishi (25); Shodoshima (26); Isahaya (29); Kuroiso (21); Shimodate (28); Toyota (24); Ube Nishi (33); Usuki (26).

MEXICO

Guadalajara-Oriente (38); Motul (11).

NEW ZEALAND

Wanganui North (24).

NORTHERN IRELAND

Ballymena (30).

NORTHERN RHODESIA

Luanshya (25).

NORWAY

Notteroy (30).

PAPUA

Port Moresby (55).

SWAZILAND

Bremersdorp (24).

SWITZERLAND

Stans (21).

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

North Durban (32); Volksrust (20); Welkom (34).

U.S.A.

Guthrie, Okla. (51); Baldwin, Mich. (21); Monahans, Tex. (43); Greenwood, Wis. (19); Blauvelt, N. Y. (18); De Queen, Ark. (41); Beaumont, Calif. (16); Wyckoff, N. J. (25); Phoenix Midtown, Ariz. (25); Southgate, Mich. (20); Clinton, Ill. (46); Wheaton, Md. (24); Halpine, Md. (20).

* * *

Clubs which have attained more than 100 percent status in contributions since July 1, 1960:

200 Percenters

Spencer, Iowa (28); Augusta, Mich. (23); Upper Perkiomen, Pa. (43); Quarryville, Pa. (25); Rocky Ford, Colo. (33); Climax, Mich. (24); Grand'Mere, Que., Canada (39); Shakopee, Minn. (29); Topton, Pa. (15); East Carbon, Utah (15); Waverly, Iowa (70); Grafton, Australia (48); South Sacramento, Calif. (35); Lee, Mich. (34); Thomasville, N. C. (72); Troy, N. C. (45); Rosemead, Calif. (24); Cambridge Springs-Edinboro, Pa. (30); Savannah, Ga. (230); Newtown, Pa. (65); Borger, Tex. (97); Western Fort Worth, Tex. (58); Faribault, Minn. (80); Hamakua, Hawaii (25); West Honolulu, Hawaii (84); Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio (60); Coplay, Pa. (29); Somerville, N. J. (69); Meriden, Conn. (83); Leechburg, Pa. (31); Atchison, Kans. (60); Marengo, Iowa (31); Corvallis, Oreg. (100); Milford, N. H. (40); Colonial Park, Pa. (49); Wynberg, Union of South Africa (28); Carletonville, Union of South Africa (23); Kurayoshi, Japan (29); Gifu, Japan (64); Woolloongabba, Australia (42); Swansea, Australia (27); North Hunterdon, N. J. (46); Orangevale, Calif. (19); Windhoek, South West Africa (35); Maracay, Venezuela (25); Red Springs, N. C. (38); North Spokane, Wash. (60); Kahului, Hawaii (26); South Miami, Fla. (53); Ringwood, N. J. (22); Brentwood, Mo. (38); Valley Stream, N. Y. (38); Rylstone-Kandos, Australia (38); Ath, Belgium (25); Gladewater, Tex. (32); Canton, Ohio (240); Bradford, Ont., Canada (29); Pensacola, Fla. (149); Oceanside, N. Y. (25); Youngstown, Ohio (311); Miyakonojo, Japan (33); Sherman, Tex. (101).

300 Percenters

Texas City, Tex. (84); Albion, Mich. (88); Hemet, Calif. (34); Sakai, Japan (69); Bellefonte, Pa. (44); Redcliffe Peninsula, Australia (43).

400 Percenters

San Jacinto, Calif. (30); Peshawar, Pakistan (30); Carroll, Iowa (56); McKees Rocks, Pa. (48); Marrickville, Australia (53); Clearwater, Fla. (139); Falmouth, Mass. (63).

500 Percenters

Pittsburg, Calif. (41).

600 Percenters

Nelspruit, Union of South Africa (30).

THE ROTARIAN



The Object of Rotary

is to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

First. The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service;

Second. High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society;

Third. The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life;

Fourth. The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.



This Rotary Month

NEWS FROM 1600 RIDGE AVENUE, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

PRESIDENT. "Action" is the watchword of Joseph A. Abey, Rotary's new President, and his first weeks in office were appropriately packed with activity. After a trip to London East, Ont., Canada, July 4, he was slated to depart Evanston, Ill., for a two-month round-the-world tour of Club visits, stopping in Hawaii, Tahiti, Fiji Islands, New Zealand, Australia, and arriving about July 31 in the Philippines. Following on the itinerary were Hong Kong, Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, Burma, India, Ceylon, Pakistan, Iran, Lebanon, and Germany, with arrival in New York September 9. With him is his wife, Eula.

BOARD. The Board of RI, at its first meeting for 1961-62, recorded many important decisions. These and others taken at its previous meeting will be reported in the September issue.

NEW "O.D." Now being readied for 1961-62 is the "Official Directory," which lists the meeting places and dates of all Rotary Clubs, in addition to the names and addresses of Club Presidents and Secretaries. This indispensable guide is scheduled for a late-August mailing, with gratis copies to go to each Rotary Club on this basis: one for the President, one for the Secretary, and one for each 20 members in excess of 40. To obtain your personal copy, give your order (and 50 cents) to your Club Secretary.

NEW "OUTLINE." Such late-model classifications as "satellite manufacturing" and "nuclear-energy research" appear in a revised edition of the "Outline of Classifications," now available from the Secretariat at \$1.25 each, any quantity. Handsomely bound in a red-and-gold cover, with restyled typography and text revised for clarity's sake, the book can be a valuable addition to your Club library, even though the old edition is still acceptable for use.

NEW "BRIEF FACTS." Concise information about Rotary—its history, membership statistics, varied activities—is contained in a new edition of the little booklet "Brief Facts." One to 50 copies may be obtained gratis; more than 50 copies, 3 cents each.

FELLOWS DEADLINE. A Rotary District is eligible to sponsor a Rotary Foundation Fellow every other year. If 1962-63 is the year for your District, application papers from the Club-sponsored student should reach the Club by August 1. The final date for the papers to be in the hands of the District Governor is August 15. But whether or not your District is eligible for a regular Fellowship this year, it can nominate one or more applicants for the new "Additional Rotary Foundation Fellowships"—up to ten of which will be awarded each year. Purpose of the Additional Fellowships is to allow study in countries which, because of language or other conditions, are not generally chosen as countries of study by regular Foundation Fellows.

11,000 MARK TOPPED! Rotary passed another milestone recently when the number of Rotary Clubs topped 11,000. On June 26 there were 11,003 Rotary Clubs and an estimated 510,500 Rotarians in 123 countries and geographical regions. New Clubs since July 1, 1960, totalled 334.

ROTARIAN

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About Our Contributors

Since Archibald Rutledge retired as head of the English department at Mercersburg Academy, he has devoted his time to writing poetry and prose. In 1930 he received the John Burroughs medal for the best Nature writing in America. Named poet laureate of South Carolina, he lives at "Hampton," his plantation near McClellanville, S. C.



Rutledge

Mary Roe (her husband's name is William W. and they live in Bradenton, Fla.), who by occupation is a tax consultant, has taught first aid since 1941, is active in Civil Defense and the Red Cross. She is happy to draw a typewriter bead on any situation she doesn't like, and has at one time or another tried to find out about almost everything on earth. She is a walker-in-the-woods, likes to explore strange cities.



Roe

Joseph Stocker free-lanced full time for more than a decade before becoming public-relations director of the Arizona Education Association. Now his writing is done "on the side"; he has had articles in 90-odd magazines, is the author of the book *Arizona: A Guide to Easter Living*. His home? In Arizona (Tucson).



Stocker

In 1960 Clifford L. Graves, a surgeon and Rotarian of La Jolla, Calif., took 15 San Diego hostellers on a 3,000-mile bicycle tour of Europe, a continent he has visited half a dozen times, exclusive of his war service. He is a University of Michigan graduate, likes to write and hostel—he has five bicycles for use in doing the latter.



Graves

For some 40 years Warner Ogden has been State editor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *News Sentinel*, includes four States in his "beat." After his 10½-hour day he works on stories for publications for which he is correspondent.

Until his recent retirement, Allen D. Albert, a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, was director of a Terre Haute, Ind., art gallery. A sociologist, he holds membership in many scientific bodies.



The Lands of Rising Hope

In underdeveloped nations all over the earth the traditionally poor dream of drastic changes in their way of life. Robert Rienow, in this first part of a two-part article, now takes you behind the scenes of the 'revolution of rising expectations.'

THERE IS, among the people of the poorer regions of the world, a new and bitter awareness of their poverty. In a daze of self-pity they feel a seething resentment at being cheated. Many seem to look upon any aid that comes their way as a form of atonement by the powerful nations.

Most importantly, there is questioning, not fateful acceptance, of their pitiful lot by the fellahin, the peasants, the peons. Forty million of the 60 million inhabitants of Brazil "have never been to school, seen a doctor, worn shoes, or slept in a bed," in the words of political analyst Frederick L. Schuman. There is a growing conviction that such a situation is not right. The conviction is shared by all, outsiders as well as victims. Consciences are sharper everywhere.

Using the term "revolution" to describe this universal dislike or revulsion falls short of accuracy. Against whom—what vested interests—is the revolution directed? There are some local leaders, some foreign agents of colonial interests, who bar advance, but the greatest obstacle to progress toward satisfying the expectations is the encrustation of tradition, of superstition, of cultural limitation, that backward societies revere and support. The fellahin whose new-found prosperity enables him to buy his first radio, bicycle, and bar of soap throws the statistical planners in a dither by taking a second wife instead!

The easy and main inspiration of Western aid to the underdeveloped countries has, says one critic, Michael Ionides, been this:

Highly developed countries have experts who know how to develop—having done it in their own countries—and they have surplus funds to invest or give. When technical knowledge plus capital are injected into the economy of a poor and underdeveloped country it is on the way to becoming developed and rich.

The problem, as Mr. Ionides points out, goes far beyond this simple exposition. It is compounded of cultural factors. Perhaps it is our changed terminology that confuses us. In a less sensitive and more forthright age we termed the condition of the technologically more primitive countries "backward," rather than underdeveloped. This phraseology came closer to describing the whole of their condition.

Culturally, of course, there is no asperity in the

term "backward." No one needs to be reminded that ancient, proud, and influential cultures mark some of the same lands that poverty stalks. These are separate matters: a mature culture and a backward economy. They may, however, be related. An agriculture bound to the methods of the past by cultural inhibitions against new practices cuts down its production just as effectively as though it lacked capital.

The culture may have further responsibility for the state of production. The outlook of a people may not give an important place to investigation discovery and change. Says one observer:

In the underdeveloped countries, on the other hand, the essential personal initiatives for technical and industrial development, the leaven in the dough, were absent. They had their civilizations, ripe in their own theologies, philosophies, arts, and crafts of the hand. But they had not the urge to discover new scientific things and apply them to medicine, engineering, production, communications, and comforts. So in the scientific, industrial sense they stayed underdeveloped.

An "illusion which is widely shared," notes a scholar, "is that the provision of technical aid is an automatic, self-adjusting process. Country X requires an expert on chicken rearing, and (let us suppose) Australia is willing to supply one: hey presto, the problem is solved. But the chicken expert must first turn himself into an expert on natural conditions in country X before his prior expertise will be of the slightest value."

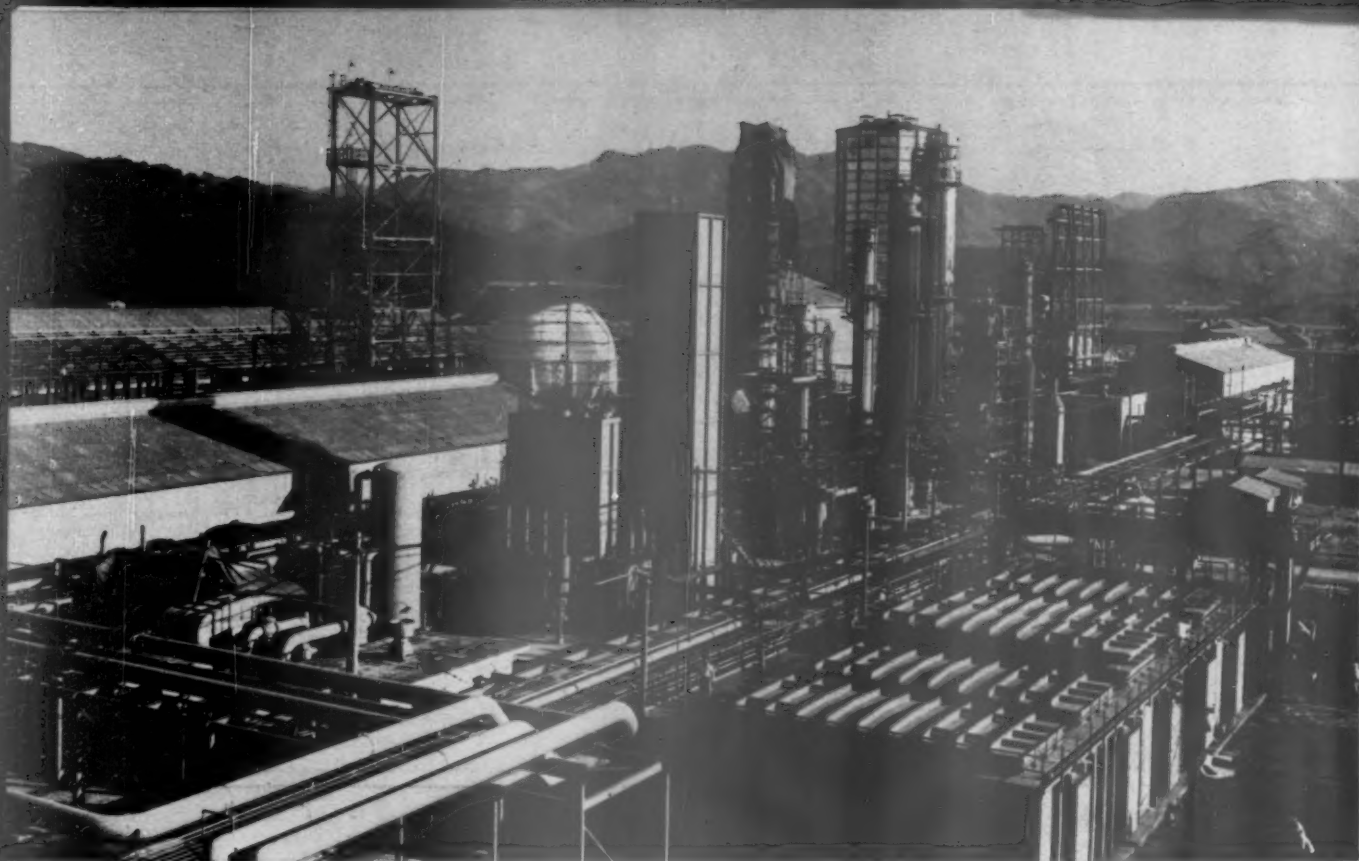
It might be added that somewhere there must be built up the desire to emulate the chicken expert. There must be some recognition of the worth of chicken experts. If ancestral taboos are more significant than egg or poultry production to a people, the push in the latter direction will be weak and indecisive.

The expectations and aspirations of the new and underdeveloped countries are in large part formulated and articulated by an elite, an elite that is aloof, proud, and dominating. "Lacking the tradi-



Robert Rienow is professor of political science at State University College for Teachers, Albany, N. Y., and has travelled widely in Europe and Australia. He has written articles for leading American journals, as well as ten books. This article is an abridgment of a chapter from Dr. Rienow's latest book, *Contemporary International Politics*, recently published by Thos. Y. Crowell, Inc.

An aged Brazilian family visits their "city of tomorrow"—Brasilia.



Near Taipei, Taiwan, is this new 28-million-dollar artificial-fertilizer plant. Increased food output is needed in many lands.

tion which influenced to such a great extent the concept of the dignity of man, and surrounded by millions and millions of retarded, illiterate, often filthy, and certainly pliant masses, they tend to approach their fellow countrymen with a thinly concealed contempt, or at least an implicit sense of superiority.

Recognizing the ills that beset their impoverished societies, these leaders, largely intellectuals (in the broad sense of the term), are impatient. After generations of national frustration and marked inferiority they hanker after the status of influence and power. Schooled in reason they have full faith in unalloyed intellectual application to attain their ends. They see their problem as one of *social engineering* to bring about industrialization and to overcome their national inequality.

The truth is that many of these leaders are quite calculating in their blueprinting; the values and objectives are as coldly materialistic as those they charged their colonial masters with harboring. Somehow the masses seem only to have changed masters. The native elitism that marks so much of the underdeveloped world has the earmarks of ruthlessness. If ever these leaders feel the need of disciplining to carry out their social engineering, that ruthlessness may be severely evident.

The problem of underdeveloped countries is largely one of direction. Whereas the Western process was sparked by individual initiative—from the bottom up and from the inside out—the current prac-

tice is to stimulate and supervise through plans from the top down, from the outside in, from government.

The burden of building the economics of the underdeveloped areas is not one that can be shifted from the natives involved to foreigners. Outsiders can help as foreigners once encouraged American growth by investing in railroads. The experience of the advanced nations is only partially relevant for the backward. The major difference is that Western Europe, North America, Australia, launched their technological progress with a small population balanced in relation to the land.

Now as Western medicine and health slash the death rate in the less developed areas to only a portion of what it formerly was, a tragic pressure of people on land is artificially intensified. Besides the social unrest it invites, this largely unprecedented condition handicaps the underdeveloped countries economically. Land and land tenure have always been an issue; the Gracchi were assassinated in ancient Rome over this question. But coupled with a burgeoning population, land scarcity narrows the base for economic development. The potential for advancement is sacrificed to the exigencies of existence. There is no surplus farm production with which to barter for the tools of technology.

We must remember, however, that Latin America, enigmatically quiescent for a century, does not fit the pattern. Somehow the economic drive was

engulfed in a siesta and, land notwithstanding, the continent did not progress. Belatedly, the search for industrialization now comes on the heels of a population explosion that must tax even the natural riches of this vast area to satisfy.

One advantage the underdeveloped nations possess: they can borrow the technical notebooks of those who have passed this industrial way before. The techniques that work they can adopt and avoid the wearying parade of failures the innovator charged against experience. So did Japan skip a generation or two in its industrial advance of the 1860s; so has Russia peeked into Western copybooks; and so is India currently transplanting a finished technology.

Outside the Iron Curtain, two-thirds of the people—the citizens of 100 nations—are presumably victims of underdevelopment. While U. S. per capita income hovers around \$2,000 and the West in general produces goods and services of about \$1,000 or more, the backward regions can claim but \$130. Obviously, such a standard is one of poverty; it coldly depicts hunger, misery, and primitive conditions.

This circumstance of hardship is not new, but two things have occurred to change the situation: first, the richer States have zoomed ahead to staggering heights of prosperity, making a doleful contrast with the less fortunate and, second, the latter do not accept their inferior economic status with resignation. This we have noted. What has not been indicated is the degree of exuberance, of excitement, and of dedication they may be ready to apply to the task of improving their lot. It is normal for those who rub their noses on shop windows to express a desire—but it is quite something else to have them work out a practical plan to raise the price of purchase.

With dedicated effort and purposefulness, 1969,

A group of children is checked for malaria in a town of Northern Thailand where formerly 60 to 70 percent of the people were victims of the disease. Modern medicine, by lowering the death rate, has helped boom the "population explosion" that menaces underdeveloped lands.



In Asia's first penicillin factory in Pimpri, India, a locally trained technician tests the potency of the penicillin produced. The plant was set up with the aid of United Nations agencies.

it is estimated, should find these 100 problem countries with a per capita income of \$160. This \$30 increase, modest though it sounds, may be just enough prime to start the economic stream flowing. There is a point, somewhere above subsistence and yet still quite low, where an economy becomes self-propelling. Here is the hope.

The obstacle to planning and the curtain on expectations is the fantastic increase in population. It outstrips man's efforts and his hopes. Simple arithmetic shows that a higher individual income can become a fact only as total goods and services increase faster than population. The dessert, and perhaps even the portions of meat and potatoes, gets smaller when the unexpected guests stop in at 5:30 and stay for dinner.

Yet through public-health and sanitation measures, a lower death rate, we keep adding places at

the board of the underdeveloped countries sometimes faster than we multiply the goods. The birth rate once countered by high mortality now overwhelms the economies of the areas. India has doubled its population since 1850. At present rates it will double it again before the end of the century. They are now taking a new census in India, and a major problem arises from the large numbers of homeless Indians. It is a tragic commentary on man's unthinking fecundity when we are told that to take this census the Government of India is forced to send forth its census takers in night patrols so that they may tally up all the people lying on the sidewalks, in the alleys, and in the fields—the masses of people who have no roof over their heads.

The lure that dazzles the backward regions is the prospect of heavy industrialization. A steel-rolling mill, an aluminum-ingot plant—these are the symbols of sovereign States. Yet, unless a new country possesses marriageable deposits of ore and coal, adequate transportation and a vast market, such heavy industry may be uneconomic from the start. There is, however, a lingering influence of international politics which equates heavy industrial development with prestige and power. Under normal circumstances a less ambitious undertaking—light industry in semifinished manufactures—might serve the new nation better.

The balance between agriculture and industry is a critically significant element. Indeed it is conceded that only on improved productivity of the land can industrialization be sustained. Yet nowhere are the practices and customs of the past—sometimes even the superstitions—so enshrined as in the working of the land. One of the classic examples of failure to consider social structure and habits was in nomadic Afghanistan. Here in 1955 the United States launched the vast Helmand Valley land-

Near Baghdad, Iraq, community-school children not only learn the three R's, but are also instructed in farming and trades. Most underdeveloped lands are plagued by illiteracy and lack of skills.



reclamation scheme. The project was properly engineered; great acreage was opened through irrigation. But to these pastoral people, untutored in the arts of cultivation, the undertaking was calamitous; it flooded thousands of acres of valley land and their herds and flocks had ranged and gave them instead new acres whose fruitfulness was a secret in which they could not, in their ignorance, share.

Capital formation must come from within. Some private investors from abroad can be attracted to backward countries, but in a period of universal boom most such funds are likely to be reinvested at home. Especially is this true where political instability threatens destruction, or expropriation of invested funds and control of exchange prevents the withdrawal of profits. Such risks can be undertaken only by Governments, individually or collectively. Of course, the scale of investment called for is so tremendous that only a domestic program of saving fostered by a constructive Government policy on taxation, savings, and incentive will be fruitful.

Most underdeveloped countries are short of technicians. With the mental scourge of illiteracy, the pool from which technicians can be recruited is limited. With only a few technical training institutes available, the annual crop of people with know-how is pitifully inadequate. There are a lot of people but few human assets.

In a greater degree the paucity of managers, entrepreneurs, is even more striking. Perhaps the institutional lack of credit facilities, the overwhelming shadow of socialization, and lack of esteem—even disdain—in which their society holds them compared with soldiers, civil servants, and abstract scholars, combine to discourage the growth of enterprisers.

Moreover, not always do we bring an understanding of how to mix or handle the factors of production when dealing with less privileged people. In our machine-ridden countries we tend to view any saving of labor and substitution of capital as a virtuous and justifiable process. We are unreasonable about it. We consider it desirable as an economic advance to provide a man with a riding lawn mower without any regard to what it is doing to his belt line, or how much he might need the exercise.

Thus, in Iraq, the British noted the farm community pooling its labor to clear of silt the irrigation canals upon which the living of the people depended. With their prejudiced stand on labor the British failed to see any good in the practice; by their code of values this was not "coöperative self-help"; it was "forced labor," therefore bad. And so borrowed capital magnanimously took the place of men, a dredging machine was imported; valuable exchange was expended—and men were left seasonally idle, deprived of a function which was now done for them by an outsider.

* * *

Next month, in the concluding portion of this two-part article, Author Rienow discusses the struggle between the free world and the Communist sphere to influence the future of the underdeveloped nations.



If You Want to Launch Big Ships

By NEIL M. CLARK

THE MAN with the distinguished beard leaned back in his chair against the adobe wall of the little hotel in tiny San Antonio, New Mexico. The good sun warmed him, and he was in a talkative mood. The boy listened to him eagerly, for he was ambitious, and this man had done things to stir the imagination. He had built railroads, developed mines, fostered the economic progress of the Southwest, and in the process made himself a multimillionaire. The man was Charles B. Eddy. He was a friend of the boy's father, and the father owned the little hotel.

Below these two, hardly a stone's throw away, was the Rio Grande, which, for much of the year, was little more than ankle deep. Eddy used the shallow river to emphasize a point he was making.

"Connie," he said, "if you want to launch big ships, you must go where there is deep water."

The boy caught the significance of the remark and was thrilled by it. That thought, coupled with his admiration for Eddy, was responsible for a good deal in his subsequent career. For in the end he became a far more famous businessman than Eddy himself. The boy was Conrad N. Hilton, founder of the company that owns the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City and owns or operates many other glamorous hotels around the world—one recent acquisition being the 1,100-

room Hawaiian Hilton Village in Honolulu, developed by Henry Kaiser, and a 250-room hotel now being designed for Addis Ababa, capital city of Ethiopia.

Commenting on the Eddy advice, Mr. Hilton recently told me that he knew Mr. Eddy was speaking figuratively and that he simply wanted to drive home the importance of choosing a career with a big potential. While it was once true, said Mr. Hilton, that any city to be great had to be located on deep water, modern transportation methods have altered that completely. In locating his first hotel in Dallas, Texas, he said, he chose a city which was a good way from deep water, yet in his judgment had great potential for development—"and so it proved." At about the time he was starting that hotel, he added, a friend started to build a 135-mile railroad to connect two towns. The venture failed.

"His timing," said Mr. Hilton, "was wrong. The railway era was beginning to lose its potential. If he had put the same capital, energy, and resourcefulness into bus, truck, or aviation lines, he would undoubtedly have been successful at that particular time. To express Mr. Eddy's philosophy in another way, I might quote from Ralph Waldo Emerson: 'Be careful what you set your heart on, for you will surely get it.'"



'Those Wonderful Kids'

Speech therapist Lynne Schwartz demonstrates to the Monitors the muscle stresses a cerebral-palsy victim must contend with in speaking.

By JOSEPH STOCKER

THE PROBLEM confronting the parents of cerebral-palsied children in Phoenix, Arizona, was simply this: they were prisoners in their own homes, or very nearly so. Reason: no baby-sitters having the special skills needed to look after their children.

Word of the parents' predicament reached United Cerebral Palsy headquarters, and shortly a call for help went out to the high schools. The result was a gathering of teen-agers into one of the most heart-warming community ventures to spring up anywhere.

Cerebral Palsy Monitors, the youngsters call themselves. Most are girls, although a few boys interested in becoming doctors have turned out, too. To learn what they needed to know about caring for palsied children (how to handle braces, cope with speech impediments, etc.), the Monitors attended four special classes on successive Saturdays. The classes were conducted by physicians and therapists, and when the course of instruction was completed a graduation ceremony was held and pins were awarded to the Monitors.

And so, scattered throughout Phoenix today are several score teen-agers who are qualified and available to give the parents of palsied children a badly needed night out occasionally. "They're wonderful kids," says O. D. Cole, executive director of United Cerebral Palsy in Phoenix. "It seems to me that this proves there's a big desire among teen-agers to do something worth while, provided you tell them what to do."



The teen-agers feel their throats as they utter sounds to understand why many CPs speak in a high monotone and (below) simultaneously hold their breaths and expand their chests to feel the muscle catch that keeps a CP from speaking.





Five-year-old Janet Konow gives the class a chance to practice applying her leg braces. Four Saturdays are needed to train the Monitors.



Schoolbooks in one hand, a Monitor's kit hanging from her arm, 18-year-old Cassa Olmsted arrives to look after palsy-crippled Kim Pope, 6, so that Kim's parents can enjoy an evening away from home.



Cassa removes Kim's leg brace. Cerebral palsy is caused by brain damage which interferes with muscle control in one or more parts of the body. It is usually present from birth and it lasts a lifetime. In the U.S.A. alone, 600,000 are afflicted and each year 10,000 babies are born with cerebral palsy.

Do Strikes Hurt the

Yes! Says Maurice R. Franks

RIGHT off the bat it strikes me that a fair answer to this question depends on time and place and circumstance. A strike of desperate men against intolerable conditions can, in the long run, help rather than hurt an economy.

The strikes that helped to end the regime of the Simon Legrees of industry and enabled the workers to become important purchasers of their own production breathed new life into the economies of the U.S.A. and other countries. When labor was relieved of the bonds of economic serfdom and could exchange services for effective purchasing power, a vast new market was created. Industry prospered and was able to expand as never before. New rhythms of economic progress developed. New businesses sprang into being, new job opportunities opened, new technologies arrived, education was deployed to meet the challenge, the credit system was amplified, living standards advanced. Labor's estate and the general economy



Maurice R. Franks

Before becoming president of the National Labor-Management Foundation and editor of its magazine, Partners, Maurice Franks edited the Railroad Workers Journal. Earlier he had been national business agent for the Railroad Yardmasters of North America and an organizer for the Switchmen's Union of North America. He is a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Ill. He and his wife have one son.

were elevated by the impulses of a new and powerful heartbeat.

The strikes that contributed to labor's liberation, thus, were more helpful than hurtful to the economy as a whole.

But there are strikes and strikes. There are strikes of first, not last, resort. There are strikes bereft of humanitarian need and devoid of urgency. There are strikes that are callously inflationary and strikes that are stupidly superfluous. There are strikes engineered by racketeers in the limited interest of personal monetary gain, and strikes promoted by subversive radicals whose deepest intention is to hurt the existing economy. There are jurisdictional strikes that express nothing more than the jealousy and conflicting greed of rival union leaders, and strikes that are collusions between corrupt union-leaders and unprincipled employers. Finally, there are the great institutional strikes that descend upon the economy from the high councils of monopolistic unions—from leaders who have lost track of their public responsibilities and who allow their own frustrations to rule.

Such strikes contribute no vitamins to the economy. Instead, they act as poisons, as psychological deterrents. At best they are breeders of parasites—of conditions that suck the lifeblood of business and industry.

Most of the strikes the American economy has had to suffer since the end of World War II fall in one or another of these categories. Few, if any, of them represent a true labor problem or,

for that matter, enjoyed the unqualified approval of the labor force involved. The only desperation they expressed was that of a union's bargaining committee, unable to sell its package of demands on merit.

A "package" is developed with little or no regard for the employer's competitive position, with disdain for the public interest, and with no real comprehension of the union members' long-term needs. Presentation, in most cases, is on a take-it-or-else basis, so that refusal by management to bargain away its own interests almost inevitably results in a shutdown. Unemployment of the employable ensues and, group by group, expands. Workers in no way concerned with the strike's issues are laid off and, like the strikers themselves, are left as bewildered as they are financially hurt.

To argue that such injuries, added to those of the employer and the public, do not hurt the economy is to argue that an epidemic of cholera does not hurt a community.

The 1959 steel strike offers an example of all-round economic injury.

To begin with, it was as ill founded a strike as any in U. S. history. Industry wages were high, there was a healthy demand for steel, business across the board was good, productive employment unusually secure. If certain featherbedding practices were under attack by management, a greater measure of industrial security was the aim. If the industry was pitting American ingenuity, in the form of automation, against the lower labor costs of foreign competition, the objective was the same. And industrial security meant job security—to say [Continued on page 54]

Economy?

In this debate-of-the-month, two widely known figures in the labor-management field, both with long experience as union organizers, delve into a controversy that has flared anew in the light of increased international business competition and widespread strikes in major industries.

No! Replies Sidney Lens

THE RIGHT to strike is a cornerstone of democracy. Totalitarian nations do not permit it, and democratic nations cannot exist without it. It is significant that no strikes were allowed under rightist dictators such as Hitler, Mussolini, Franco, or Trujillo or leftist dictators such as Stalin. They too argued that "strikes hurt the economy."

By contrast, the United States has more strikes a year than all the other countries in the world combined. Yet it also has, by far, the richest economy on earth.

This is no argument, of course, that the "more strikes we have, the better off we are." But it is an assertion that without the strong pressures that unions—and strikes—have exerted on management, the nation would not have progressed as it has.

From 1929 through 1959 the U.S.A. had nearly 100,000 strikes, involving about 50 million workers and 850 million man-days of lost labor.

In the same period, however,

the national product rose about four and a half times, and corporate profits went up from 10 billion dollars to 47 billion dollars. If you allow for the fact that prices went up 70 percent, we were still producing two and a half times as much.

When you compare 1959 with 1939, the figures are even more impressive. The national product rose five times, corporate profits nine times.

This is hardly the picture of a battered economy tossed on the shoals of ceaseless strikes.

Theoretically, of course, strikes *can* injure a nation; sometimes they *should*. Few of us would shed a tear, for instance, if a general strike were to overthrow a dictator like a Hitler. Almost all of us were in sympathy with the East Berlin workers when they struck in 1953. A revolutionary strike, or a very long strike in a key industry, does result in permanently lost production.

But in the present period these aren't the kind of strikes we have been having in the United States. Our strikes, as part of the democratic process of collective bargaining, have not cut our production; on the contrary, they have stimulated the economy. They have increased purchasing power, and they have forced employers—in an effort to recoup the cost of wage increases—to become more efficient.

It can be argued, of course, that the economy might have done even better if strikes had been curtailed, or if "unnecessary" strikes had been restricted.

The trouble with this thesis is

that it fatally exaggerates the cost of strikes and makes a rule out of exceptions.

Take the matter of jurisdictional strikes. Most of these were probably unnecessary and undoubtedly inconvenienced the public. But how important were they in the scheme of things? Department of Labor statistics indicate that in 1959 there was a total of 1,880,000 strikers; of these only 32,000 were involved in jurisdictional walkouts. At least 95 percent of our strikes were for legitimate "bread and butter" issues.

Or consider the effect of strikes on the work year. When you give the U. S. figures of walkouts in aggregate terms—3,000 to 4,000 a year, 30 million man-days of labor lost—it sounds awesome. Actually, however, stoppages take the worker away from his bench less than one day each year.

In 1960 there were 19 million man-days lost by strikes; that is three hours of working time for the 60-odd million American workers. In 1959, despite the long 116-day steel strike, the average number of days lost was only a day and a half per worker. Averaging it out over the past 20 or 30 years, you find the figure comes to less than one day annually—the equivalent of just one holiday.

Compare this with time lost as a result of industrial accidents. In 1958, the safest year on record, injured workers were away from their jobs 38 million days. If you add the time that these workers will be off in subsequent years as a result of their disability, the figure, according to the Department of Labor, comes to 160 million days lost—four or five times as many man-days idle as in strikes.

Furthermore, contrary to general opinion, there are exceedingly few [Continued on page 56]

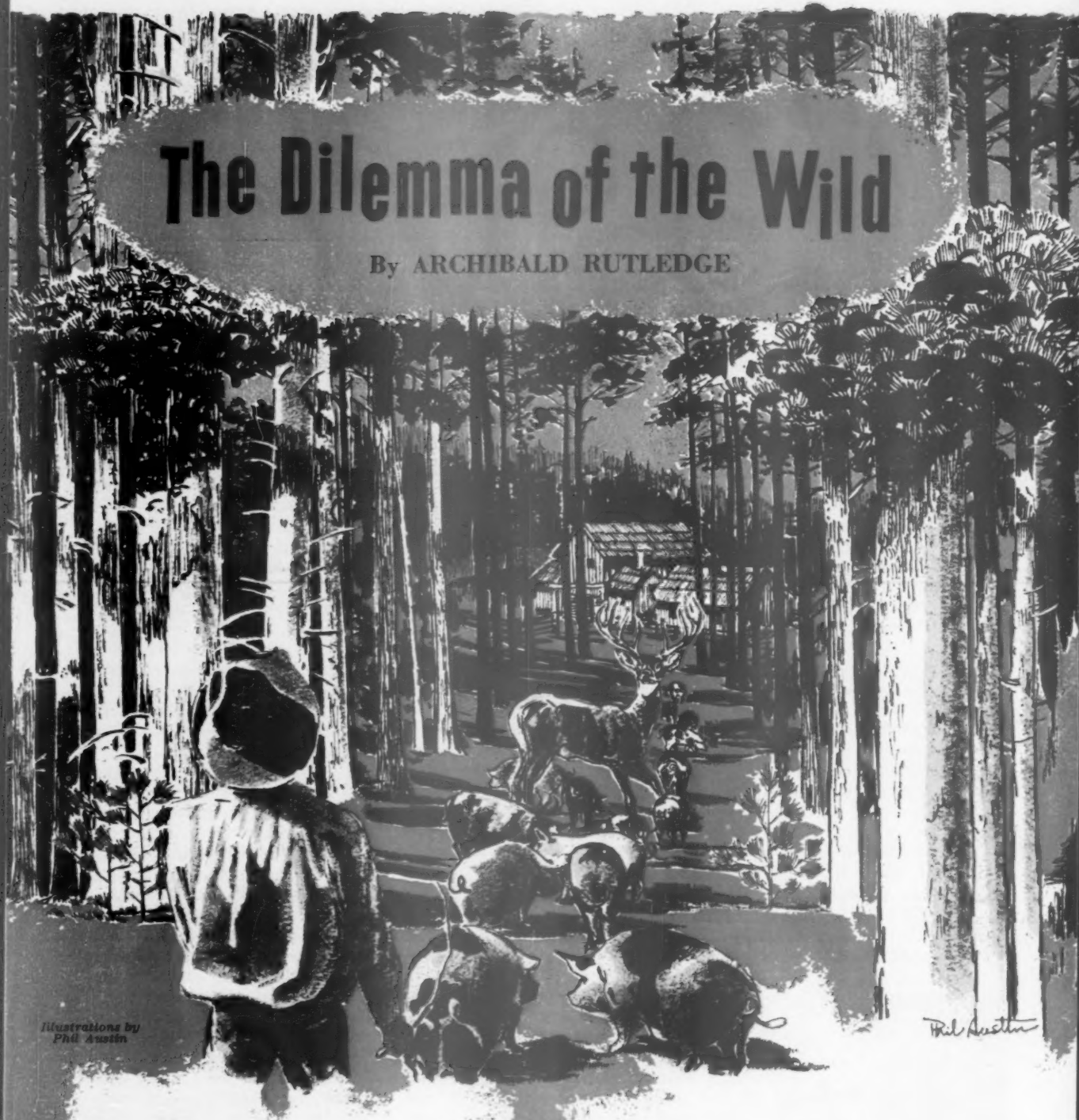


**Sidney
Lens**

Director of a Chicago labor union, Sidney Lens has visited 66 countries in the last ten years, observing the labor movement and collecting background information for his five books (the most recent: *Working Men*) and scores of articles for a dozen or more magazines and newspapers. He has appeared on numerous radio and television panels, is often found on the lecture platform, teaches, as does his wife, Shirley.

The Dilemma of the Wild

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE



Illustrations by
Phil Austin

I WAS watching a white egret wading in the shallow salt water on the edge of a great sea marsh. The snowy bird was almost up to its knees in the warm floodtide. Every few minutes it would dart its javelinlike beak into the water. But suddenly, on lifting its wings to rise, it seemed anchored where it stood. Something had hold of one of its feet. Just as I was about to see if I could release it, it lifted itself in the

air. The right leg was straight out behind it, in the normal position during flight. The left one hung straight down, and dangling on the foot was a big clam. The egret had stepped into the clam's open shell, and the crustacean had closed on it like a vise. The bird had torn the clam out of its bed in the sand, but the shellfish was clamped firmly on the egret's foot. Here, indeed, was a dilemma, and I was curious

to see whether so sudden and perplexing a problem could be solved.

Extending out into the marsh was the wreck of an old fence. Flying awkwardly, the egret gingerly alighted on one foot on the top of an old fence post. For a moment he paused to adjust his balance; then, lifting his imprisoned foot, he began to whack the clam against the post! The shell finally broke in two; the bird was free, and it stood calmly preening its feathers as if such an adventure were all in the day's work.

Perhaps there is no aspect of wild Nature so fascinating as a consideration of the ways in which birds and animals meet emergencies. Human emergencies are of various kinds: social, financial, psychological, physical. But in Nature, crises are always associated with physical peril. We humans are often trying to escape debt, ennui, loneliness, crowds, vague but mastering fears of the future. Wild creatures probably have no thought of the future; what they try to escape is immediate danger, fraught with the possibility of death.

IN my long life in a wilderness area I have taken a special interest in watching how the children of Nature meet their trials, for in their doing so they often manifest a poise and an ingenuity that disclose not only a high intelligence, but what appears to me to be spiritual quality—a ready dauntlessness that is no wise short of valor.

One day I was walking through a stretch of bulrushes. My setter dog had ranged on ahead of me. Suddenly he began to bark excitedly. I hurried on, soon coming to a break in the marsh where there was a deep brackish pond. Almost halfway across the stretch of placid water an old raccoon was swimming fast. My dog was also swimming, bent on catching the 'coon. Gentle and ingratiating by nature, a raccoon can be a valiant fighter, and in shallow water he can often defend himself against an ordinary dog. In deep water, his chances are not so good.

Just beyond the halfway mark in the pond the raccoon stopped swimming. He had come on a partially submerged log. The 'coon clambered up on it, shook the water from his coat, turned and waited, facing the dog, which now appeared to be certain of seizing his prey.

When the dog was within three feet of the raccoon, the latter suddenly thrust forward his little black hand-shaped front feet. As soon as the dog was within reach, these "hands" gently but firmly took hold of the setter's ears, pushed his head under water, and held him there. The dog struggled wildly, and just as I was about to wade in to save him from being drowned, the raccoon thrust the dog's head violently downward and away from him. Gasping pitifully, the setter swam to me, where he lay on the edge of the pond and whined, confessing failure and a dread of a further attempt. He was really more dishevelled in spirit than in body. We left the wily old raccoon master of that field of honor.

It seems to be a law of Nature that anything (even a butterfly!) will fight as a last resort. But an older

law of Nature enjoins wild things to evade trouble. After more than half a century of observing wildlife in its native American haunts, I should say that we do not have a single bird, animal, or reptile that will normally take an aggressive attitude toward man unless it is cornered, or thinks it is. An exception perhaps should be made of mothers with their young, yet even they will move off into hiding if they are not molested.

It is amazing how wild things will lie or crouch in the hope of being passed by completely. I remember no more surprising example than that of an old wild-turkey gobbler.

I had burned off the stubble in a big rice field and turned in a drove of hogs to root it up. The purpose was to attract Wilson's snipe, which delight in such softened ground, as they bore in the soil for their food. My three sons were coming home for the Winter holidays, and snipe shooting is a sport they enjoy.

When the four of us went to the field, the fire and the hogs had done their work well. No cover of any kind remained except a stubborn solitary tussock of marsh near the center of the field. It was hardly big enough to hide a rabbit.

Approaching the field from different sides, two of us began a bombardment on the east and two on the west. We kept following the snipe. We crossed and recrossed the field, passing many times near the small tuft of marsh, and shooting all around it. When we had run completely out of shells, we started for the house. As we came to within about ten feet of the tussock, to our amazement a huge wild turkey rose from his scant shelter, ran a few paces, and took flight to safety deep in the distant pine forest.

IN this situation, as in practically all others I have observed, a wild thing in a tight spot evidently asks himself, "What's safest to do now?" Very often the lifesaving artifice is to *do nothing*. We had come up to this open field from two sides. The wild turkey had seen us (he always will see a man before the man sees him) and he had decided to hide where he was. He crouched by the little tussock, nor did our fusillade of shots and our calling to one another make him budge. It was only when he saw that we were about to step on him that he moved.

In dangerous straits wild creatures may by no means resort to flight. They dread revealment. They therefore cultivate silence, skulking, lurking, shadowy avoidance. By doing nothing when they are startled, they appear to be nothing. I remember one day I was sure I saw the horns of a deer amid the dry branches of a fallen tree, but could not quite distinguish them. After full 20 minutes, during which time the buck had not moved, this wary strategist stepped forth. I believe that many intelligent wild things, as this deer did, select cover favorable to camouflage. Thus I have long noticed that wild turkeys, in selecting-roosting trees, invariably choose those that have mistletoe or big branches of moss or squirrel nests in them.

Certain stratagems employed by wild things consist in elaborate posturing. A bird or an animal,

caught literally flat-footed, unable to hide, and not willing to fight until this second possibility is exhausted, will feign ferocity, will give a snake's evil hiss; will, with dreadful fidelity, simulate agonizing death; will assume the attitude of death itself; and will sometimes pretend madness. If a creature is harmless, he is likely, in a jam, to imitate one that is highly dangerous. Innocuous snakes vibrate their tails like rattlers. The innocent puff adder inflates himself until he is almost twice his normal size, and he blows in a way to terrify the uninitiate. It is this snake that can put on the most convincing of all dying acts. He appears to reach dissolution only after a most gruesome pantomime of dying. The opossum will pretend to be dead, but he passes out with no preliminaries. His act is realistic, for his eyes roll back and his mouth falls open.

While some animals and a good many birds will, in danger, try to hiss like snakes, I believe the best imitation is given by the wild-turkey hen when she is brooding her eggs. Curiously, the winsome young of this bird early develop the power to hiss. When only six weeks old, they can do it to perfection. The sound they can give for self-protection is in great contrast to the fairly treble in which they are often piping.

In Poe's story *The Purloined Letter*, the missive in question is difficult to find because it is really not concealed at all; it is merely put casually in an obvious place. The best hiding place is not always the most secret. The operation of this principle is to be observed in Nature.

On my place there lived a buck so huge, his horns so superb, and hunted so long and so vainly that he had become legendary. One Winter I missed Old Roland, as we called him, from his accustomed haunts. Throughout the long hunting season he never appeared. After the season had closed I was talking one day with an old Negro named Steve, whose tiny cabin stood in a sea of fennel and broom sedge.



"How come you ain't hunt big Roland dis yea?" he asked.

"Everybody hunted him, but no one ever got a glimpse of him," I replied.

"Dat ole buck been sleepin' close by my house all Winter," he said. "Lemme show you."

In the broom grass and fennel, sometimes not more than 20 feet from his cabin, Steve pointed out bed after bed where Roland had slept. While hunters had ranged the distant woods in search of him, he had couched himself in safety in the privacy afforded by the neglected garden and field of a lonely old Negro. Who would ever think of so sagacious a creature as a master stag finding sanctuary close to a human habitation?

Although I have seen many thousand deer in their native wilds, and have watched them execute all kinds of wary maneuvers, the most appealing of such

performances I saw one day near the home of a backwoods friend. I had met him in a forest path within sight of his house. He had been rounding up some hogs, and these, 20 or more, were in the path ahead of us, slowly making their way to the barnyard. As we talked, we heard a baying hound coming our way. As the hunting season was open, we were not surprised to hear the hound, and were almost certain he was bringing a deer in our direction. We didn't have long to wait.

Perhaps a half mile ahead of the hound, a beautiful buck appeared. When within a 100 yards of us, he stopped, not so much to rest as to consider the situation. For at least two minutes he stood motionless, then he deliberately fell in with the hogs, moving with them toward the barnyard! This strange behavior had in it wild intelligence, the deep designfulness of high strategy. By mingling with the swine, the buck knew that, for the pursuing hound, his scent would cease to be solitary and compelling. He would confuse his own scent by commingling it with the scent of the hogs.

"Wise old boy," whispered my companion. "He'll stay with them until he gets near the barn; then he'll turn off."

Within 30 yards of the lot, the buck left the path, and ambled off through the woods.

By this time the hound was within sight, and we watched to see if he would be outwitted by his intended quarry. He was. Coming to the path he fell in behind the hogs, ran them full cry, and chased them into the barnyard. After all, this was more excitement than following a deer he had never seen!

This is a never-ending fascination in watching a wild creature in an emergency. Its behavior in dilemmas has an iridescence of variability; it is facile, flexible, inventive. A great deal of this power of self-preservation comes from perfect bodily and mental fitness. Wild things, always temperate in all things, attain and maintain throughout their period of existence the condition of Olympic champions. When a crisis comes, one of these brothers of the wild can say, "I am ready." Indeed, nothing is more characteristic of wild birds and animals than their constant readiness to meet danger, and they escape much of it by doing what an enemy never expects them to do.

Paddling one day up the marshy edge of the river, I came suddenly on a tiny bay on the very center of which was a wild mallard drake. Did he rise with distracted cries of alarm or flap wildly toward the shelter of the marsh? He did neither. Treading water swiftly, he sank without a sound, until nothing was visible above the water but the tip of his gleaming bill. In the dilemma my presence had forced upon him, he had instantaneously decided that safety lay in hiding rather than in flight.



Russell F. Greiner—

AN APPRECIATION

By ALLEN D. ALBERT

President of Rotary International, 1915-16

THE FACT that Russell F. Greiner was the third President of Rotary International is a natural starting point for him. His predecessors were Paul P. Harris, the Founder, and Glenn C. Mead, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Paul was the only man ever to serve two terms.

The first meeting of the first Club was held in Chicago February 23, 1905. A striking contrast is that meeting with its small, intimate group and the more than 23,000, thousands of whom had made their way across the oceans to attend, who were present in Tokyo, Japan, early in June of this year.

When Russell Greiner was elected President in 1913, Rotary was international by virtue of the existence of the Club in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, and the Clubs in the British Isles. During Russ' year of 1913-14, Phoenix, Arizona, was admitted as the 100th Club. Now there are 11,003—334 of them since July 1, 1960. And there are 510,500 Rotarians.

How the movement has marched since that early day when all knew each other intimately!

That Russ Greiner was elected as the third President of Rotary International is a perfect illustration of the good fortune that has blessed Rotary consistently. Men "came out for office" in that era. Paul Harris was from Chicago, Glenn Mead from Philadelphia. The pendulum swung back west to Kansas City, Missouri, for number three.

Russ looked like a President: tall, heavy set, authoritative, with an infectious smile and a joyous sense of fun behind it. Understanding the man who can gain such an assignment is hard to get into focus. You can perceive his financial conservatism; you can test his judgment on different matters, his courage, his staying power.

I looked on as Russ decided against remaining a subordinate in somebody else's corporation. It takes grit to strike out on your own. Russ was a lithographer. That involves more than buying 100 stones to be etched. Commissions will come unevenly. There must be ideas that can be spread. It is safer if there are members of a partnership. Finding customers is not the major difficulty, but it is a problem. Having their liking is something definite. Russ achieved that liking, and made his firm a great success.

But there were other things that a city demands of a man, and Russ never shirked those responsibilities. He was president and director of the Kansas City Council of Social Agencies, and of the Helping Hand Institute. He was an organizer and director of the



*Portrait by
Felix Palm*

Russell F. Greiner, of Kansas City, Mo., President of Rotary International in 1913-14, who died on June 4, 1961.

Law Enforcement Association, police commissioner, and councilman-at-large of Kansas City.

Russ took to Rotary. To perhaps a majority of his acquaintances that might not mean anything. But Rotary is a philosophy—"You live by serving." You walk that extra mile. You do not do things grudgingly.

Russ was a charter member of the Rotary Club of Kansas City in 1910, its President in 1911. In 1912 he was elected Vice-President of Rotary International, and one year later its President.

What kind of Rotarian was Russ Greiner? Perhaps the best summary is one he wrote which appeared on the cover of *THE ROTARIAN* for March, 1914:

"A true Rotarian is one who has passed through the melting pot of Rotary and that crucible has melted and fused him into a man who finds more happiness in serving than in being served. He is proud of his membership, loyal to his Club, true to his brother members. By every day preaching and practicing the doctrines of Rotary, his capacity of compassion has been stirred and expanded until he unconsciously becomes a good Samaritan on the crowded jostling highways of the strenuous business life of today."

Now Russ is gone. He was 93. "They are gone, all gone," those first Rotary leaders of so long ago: Paul, Glenn, Frank Mulholland, and now Russ Greiner.—all those who served before me. But Rotarians will never forget them.

They created something, those men.



San Diego hostellers travel from 30 to 50 miles a day. They must pass a test—50 miles in five hours—to qualify for long trips.

Rotarians of La Jolla, Calif., converted this 35-foot bus. It holds 25 passengers, 25 bicycles, and camping gear, and has rolled back horizons for local hostellers.



On the Road-- by Bus and Bike

**San Diego teens are going places
with this unique Rotary Club gift.**

THIS YEAR thousands of teenagers are bundling up a change of clothing, a toothbrush, and a few other necessities and are pedalling off to explore by bicycle the by-ways of their land. Riding 30 to 50 miles a day, they glide in leisurely fashion through the countryside, the sun on their cheeks and the wind in their hair, savoring the sights and sounds of the route and the conversation of their companions. Toward evening they pull into overnight shelters called hostels, wash in cold water, cook supper, check their bikes for the next day's run, sing a few songs perhaps, then crawl into springless bunks or sleeping bags which feel like feather beds to weary young muscles.

This is hostelling, and it's fun, inexpensive, and healthful. More and more people are discovering—or rediscovering—the thrill of this self-propelled freedom which quickens the senses to a fuller appreciation of the world about them. Hostelling, of course, attracts fans of all ages, with youth in the majority. On a typical week-end in San Diego, California, where the local hostelling club has 500 members,



Hostellers use the bus to reach scenic regions, then unload their bikes and explore at leisure. The leader on this trip is Robert M. Boughton, Past President of the La Jolla Rotary Club and a cycling devotee himself.

some 40 or 50 boys and girls zoom away in cycling teams. Most of them ride the new ten-speed bikes, fleet, mechanical beauties which have put hostelling on the high road in this area.

Since California has no hostels, camp equipment used to be hauled to the sites by car. When plans to build a hostel fell through two years ago, the Rotary Club of La Jolla gave the youth hostellers a bus instead. Members of both clubs painted it inside and out, removed the last four rows of seats and installed racks for 25 bicycles, converting it to the rolling hostel which you see pictured on these pages.

With the bus, San Diego hostellers now have access to territory previously beyond their reach: Sequoia and Yosemite National Parks, the Lake Tahoe country, Feather River Canyon, and scenic stretches of coastal highways. They assess themselves 2 cents a passenger-mile to provide for maintenance and eventual replacement of their mobile shelter, which, happily, has opened up new horizons.

—CLIFFORD L. GRAVES
Rotarian, La Jolla, Calif.

Tandems are popular with San Diego hostellers—they double the fun and halve the work. Bright jerseys make riders easily visible to motorists.



Fighter for the Wilderness

With his camera, Jim Thompson helped preserve the Great Smoky Mountains.

By WARNER OGDEN

WHEN Rotarian James E. Thompson was a young man, he liked to go hiking in the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina. And he always carried a camera. The pictures he took of the beauty of that wilderness, then little known, played a big part in the decision to make it a national park. He and others saw that pictures could do more than words in the fight for the national park. And recognition of his love for the Great

Smokies has come with honors, including the presidency of the Great Smoky Mountains Conservation Association and membership on the Tennessee Smoky Mountains Park Commission.

Edward J. Meeman, editor of the *Memphis Press-Scimitar*, who as a young man went to Knoxville to start the *Knoxville News* (now the *News-Sentinel*) for Scripps-Howard, remembers the early efforts to get a park and how Jim Thompson's camera changed a crisis.

This is the way it happened:

"While the project was being launched in Knoxville to make a national park of the Great Smokies, there was a parallel movement in Washington to locate a national park somewhere else in the East. The Southern Appalachian National Park Commission was named.

"But the investigators were reluctant to look at the Great Smokies, so remote and little known they were. The commission had a meeting slated in Asheville to consider another area. An agreement was wrung from the group that if the proponents of the Smokies would come to Asheville, they would get a hearing. Here the indispensable photographer entered the picture.

"The photographs taken by James E. Thompson showed the beauties of the Smokies and aroused the interest of the commission. Two members of the commission agreed to inspect the area. On a trip up

rugged, roadless, unspoiled Mount LeConte, the commissioners were won over. . . ."

There are 510,394 acres in the national park, including 16 peaks which rise to more than 6,000 feet, and visitors can still glimpse the pioneer way of life followed by mountaineers residing in and near the park. More than 4 million visitors were counted last year—a greater attendance than any other U. S. national park.

Jim Thompson has made thousands of pictures of scenes in the park—more than has any other person—and his murals today are seen in stores, banks, restaurants, and elsewhere in his home town and in the rest of his nation. Photographers nationally paid tribute to him when, in 1949, he was elected president of the Photographers Association of America.

Just as his shots now are often "blown up" into murals, so were they enlarged for Washington groups and others to see when the battle for a national park was being fought. That was an idea of Carlos C. Campbell, secretary of the Great Smoky Mountains Conservation Association and a leader in the movement from the start.

The enlarged pictures were an aid, too, to the arguments of Colonel David C. Chapman, first President of the Rotary Club of Knoxville, who became known as the father of the park, and of Willis Davis, whose wife, after a visit to national parks of the U. S. West, told her husband: "Beautiful as these parks are, they are no more wonderful than our own Smokies. Why can't we have a national park in the Smokies?" The enthusiasm of Mr. and Mrs. Davis



James E. Thompson



inspired others to join in the fight, which saw many a dark hour between shining victories.

Jim, as the owner of a thriving photo studio, is a busy man, but still finds time to "head for the hills." "I've never gone to the mountains in Summer, Fall, Winter, or Spring, rain or shine," says he, "without seeing something new."

Nature lovers, he points out, can have a field day in the park, with its 1,300 kinds of flowering plants, 130 different kinds of trees, birds, bears, other wild-life and interesting geological formations.

Jim, at 80, doesn't hike as much as he once did, but he has found "a good way to enjoy the outdoors: get you a good Tennessee walking horse and ride for 30 or 40 minutes, then get off and walk five or ten minutes. In that way, both you and the horse can take a very enjoyable trip." Jim has followed his own advice on a good many two- and three-day journeys. He always gets back in time for his Rotary meeting, however, having maintained a record of perfect attendance ever since the Club was organized 41 years ago. So, if you decide that next week would be a perfect time to vacation in the great Smoky Mountains, to see Summer blooming all over the area in wild flowers and stately green trees and splashing waterfalls, and if you "make up" at the Rotary Club of Knoxville, you'll stand an excellent chance of getting to meet and shake the hand of the man who used his camera to help save all this for future generations.



The jagged peaks of the Chimney Tops in the Great Smokies are a challenge for hikers. This wilderness scene is near the New Found Gap Highway and the west prong of the Little Pigeon River.



Near Gatlinburg, Tenn., is the crest of the Great Smoky Mountains range that includes Mount LeConte, which rises a mile above its base and has an elevation of 6,593 feet. The headquarters of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park is in Gatlinburg. This picture, like all others on these pages, was taken by Rotarian James E. Thompson.

The Unfilled Classification

*Poetry may not be a booming business, but it has
value for every business and professional man.*

By **THOMAS JOHN CARLISLE**
Clergyman and Poet; Rotarian, Watertown, N. Y.



*"... even though your Club may have no one filling the classification of
'poetry,' all good poets have a world of wonder for all good Rotarians."*

*Illustration by
Ben Denison*

ONE of the unfilled classifications in most Rotary Clubs is that of "poetry." It is true some Rotarians have gained acclaim and added income from poetry, that a good many have written verses that ended up in print, and that most of us have made at least one attempt to put some lines and rhymes together. But in our present-day world, which pretends to be everlastingly practical, to be a poet is not a financially gainful occupation.

Many poets are teachers—in colleges or schools. Some are editors or journalists, executives, post-office clerks, lawyers, clergymen, or farmers. One of the best known is a doctor. They receive little money from poetry.

One hundred years ago a Longfellow, a Whittier, a James Russell Lowell, was known, read, and memorized by millions. Plus, what is more impressive to our dollar-minded era, these men—and others whose names are no longer familiar—made a comfortable income from their writing.

Because in 1961 the creation of poetry is not a gainful occupation from a financial standpoint does not mean that it is not a gainful occupation in that Rotary-appreciated sense of potential service to the world.

Have you ever stopped to think that there may be products you could enjoy which you have been leaving in your bookshelf or your local book store?

Specifically, now, I am referring to poetry. Have you perhaps said, "There couldn't possibly be anything in poetry for me. No wonder being a poet isn't profitable?"

If, however, something can give you insight into the meaning of life or deeper understanding about what appear to be "ordinary" things; if words or phrases or lines or whole poems can refresh your thoughts, would this not be money in the bank to you as far as adding to the sparkle and richness of your everyday living?

This does not mean that every poem has value for you. How many novels or short stories would you read a second time? How many items must every store carry in stock in order to have the

one or two which the customer may select?

What are you going to look for in a poem? First of all, you will recognize it as a poem because it is written and printed in lines rather than in paragraphs. Because the line is the unit rather than the paragraph, a poem must give the essence of a thought or an emotion rather than a windy description. Each word counts, much as in a telegram. As with perfume, a poem is an essence, a distillation.

JUST because lines have a rhyme or a jingle they are not necessarily poetry. We can have fun with some doggerel of a humorous nature at a Club meeting. It may be a takeoff on one of our members or a tribute to one who is leaving the community after long service. It may be a parody like these lines about pancakes recited to arouse interest in an annual fundraising event:

*They are heavy, they were many;
And my stomach was their goal.
There they lie in awful frenzy
Agonizing to my soul.*

If there are no serious craftsmanship, no careful and original choice of words, no unique imagery, it is not real poetry. It doesn't pretend to be.

For every line of good poetry written, there are thousands that might better have been placed gently or not so gently in the wastebasket. Note I did not say these lines should not have been written at all. All of us would be better off if we would put more of our thoughts on paper.

Good poets themselves compose many lines that must be discarded. Readers as well as critics will have their marked differences of opinion. But most will nonetheless agree that good poetry has no place for trite figures of speech, overworked rhymes (like *moon* and *June, dove* and *love*) or an exhausted treatment of an exhausted subject.

The choice of words demands imagination not only from the poet but from you. His words are chosen to make you think. A poem is a picture or, usually, a succession of pictures which at first glance may appear unrelated, but

which, in a good poem, have a logic, a rightness.

A good poem will make you think of things the poet never thought of—but that is exactly what he is hoping you will do. He is sharing his thoughts and feelings and words with you. He realizes that your feeling about a certain word, since it is conditioned by your own individual background and experience, may even be the exact opposite of his. This is a risk he must run. He wants you to see something which you have already seen, but which you may not have noticed. Or he wants you to see something which he has seen and which you can now see with his eyes.

There is nothing poetic about windshield wipers, you may say. But here is a poem of mine published by THE ROTARIAN in November, 1960, which takes this useful and functional device, which every driver employs when it rains or snows, and makes it part of Autumn and longing and a pleasant sensation. It is called *Autumn Laughter*. Perhaps you can think of a better title. Do these words convey something to you in a way that prose could not?

*A windshield wiper full of leaves
Obscured my view of road and sky.
The elms laughed up their empty
sleeves
Because a stranger driving by
Would carry some forsaken fronds
Farther than the most boisterous
breeze.
Stopping to clear away the bronze,
I shared the laughter of the trees.*

This is not a great poem. But it is one which you may remember another Fall when the leaves bury your car in a sudden gust that turns Summer into ancient history.

Now don't tell me that elm trees couldn't possibly laugh up their sleeves, that only people can. Strange things happen in poetry—on purpose. Inanimate things are personified, treated like people. A bird's flight in the air may be compared with a fish's progress through the water. One word may be expected to take the place of a sentence—but that is true of traffic signs and store-front advertisements too.

The sound of words is especially important in poetry. That is why

a good poem deserves to be read aloud—and more than once. Each separate word—and also the way the words are linked together—helps to convey the meaning. The following poem of mine from *THE ROTARIAN* for September, 1959, employs these sounds in communicating an emotion which is part of everyone's life—grief. The somberness is lightened by the use of what are called feminine rhymes, which ordinarily are characteristic of light or humorous verse. A feminine rhyme has the accent on the next-to-the-last syllable instead of on the last syllable—"clo'ver" and "o'ver," for example. In this poem the unbearability of grief is lessened. The memory of it brings not joy, of course, but a pleasurable recognition of memory that is treasured because love lasts:

THIS GRIEF I DO NOT GET OVER

*This grief I do not get over.
It came when the leaf was gone
And snowflowers covered the
clover
And icicles crackled at dawn.
I cried and tried to forget it,
But grief is too faithful a friend
And time is a stone to whet it,
And its orbit has no end.
I thought that Summer would
find me
An unwept meadow of clover.
But the best it could do was
remind me
This grief I do not get over.*

ALTHOUGH poetry must have rhythm, it does not require rhyme. The psalms of the English Bible do not rhyme, but they are nonetheless glorious poetry. Much of modern poetry does not rhyme. Often it makes use of the rhythms of everyday speech. But the decision as to where each line ends is carefully made by the poet, listening to his own inner ear rather than following a textbook. At times you may decide that what is printed as a poem might better have been printed as prose—and you may be right, but do not be too sure. The rhythm, the imagery, the emotion, the choice of words, the effect of the ending of one line and the beginning of another, all conspire to make a real poem even when none of the final words of the lines rhymes with one another.

Here is a poem I wrote for *THE*

ROTARIAN for February, 1960, which starts off very much like a prose statement. Would you still identify it as a poem by the standards we have been considering?

FIFTH READER

*Before he died I wanted to buy for my
father
a Barnes Fifth Reader. So often he
had recited
stories and poems, maxims, orations,
word for word
as though the book were still in his
hand and the teacher
listening and the other pupils reading
as he read.*

*There must have been pages stuck
together by the glue
of time, not really forgotten. A second-
hand
copy, I thought, might trigger
his memory, summon
a light to his eyes.
I wonder what book I would choose
to bring back the magic of childhood
and words and
memories such as the Barnes Fifth
Reader evoked for him.*

The rhythm, the thought, the choice of words, the invitation to the reader to participate in the emotion—all these make it far different from a paragraph of prose which might have been written to convey the same information.

One day, an insurance salesman confided to me that he carries a copy of Robert Frost's *Complete Poems* to read while he is waiting for scheduled appointments.

Not long ago a telephone executive showed me a pocketful of clipped poems he carries with him. Similar experiences lead me to believe that many men are finding the pleasure in poetry which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers did.

The paperbacks are introducing thousands to authors whose work might otherwise have been totally unfamiliar to most people. The *New Pocket Anthology of American Verse*, edited by Oscar Williams, contains 500 poems of infinite variety from colonial days to the present. There is an excellent paperback which presents some of Robert Frost's poems with helpful editorial comment between the poems. Some publishers are now bringing out new poets in simultaneous soft-cover and hard-cover editions.

If you have never become acquainted with Walt Whitman or

Emily Dickinson or Carl Sandburg, you have a treat in store. Perhaps Robert Frost or Elinor Wylie or Edna St. Vincent Millay may be closer to your taste. Or you may get acquainted with some of the newer poets—Richard Wilbur, Karl Shapiro, Hy Sobilloff, John Ciardi. There are dozens more I could name. You may come to be an admirer of e. e. cummings, as I am, or of William Carlos Williams (the doctor whom I mentioned earlier), or of Marianne Moore—although these writers are sufficiently non-traditional so that you are less likely to start with them.

THE important thing is that even though your Club may have no one filling the classification of "poetry," all good poets have a world of wonder for all good Rotarians. Theirs is a gainful occupation—if not in dollars and cents, then in joy and meaning and purpose. And perhaps your new or enlarging interest in poetry may enable you to do some writing for yourself that will bring you personal satisfaction.

Loring Williams, editor of *American Weave* (one of the "little magazines" which offers new poets a chance for publication and which has more men than women among its authors), says something about poetry and the poet of which our post-atomic world might well take heed:

ONLY THE POET*

*Only the poet can save
our world. Only with brave
words and bold
and beautiful can he hold
this moment suspended in time
before the hot quick-time
of horror consumes the flesh
and naked bones are left of fresh
concept and hope
that strove but could not cope
with hatred . . . could not give
the innocent the right to live.
Only the poet then
preserves us. . . . If and when
another race shall rise out of the
rubble
of our disaster, and trouble
to find
the answers to our blind
and fatal blunders . . .
and if, above the thunders
of its own futile wars—
in some swift lightning pause—
his living lasting word
is heard.*

*Copyright, 1958, Loring Williams



Peeps at Things to Come

By Roger W. Truesdail, Ph.D.

■ **Compact Outdoor Stove.** A stove which burns any kind of gasoline or any good grade of paint thinner or lighter fluid is now available. The only pumping required is to start, then it creates its own pressure. Other features include a self-cleaning device that eliminates plugging up, built-in windshield that ensures performance in winds up to 50 miles an hour, rustproof tank, rapid heating, safety release valve, and compactness. Different sizes and models, weighing from about one pound to seven pounds, are available for campers, boaters, motorists, hikers, cyclists, hunters, and fishermen. They are made in Sweden and distributed in the United States. (1)

■ **Disposable Dirt Removers.** The same manufacturer recently announced two new products. One is a convenient lint remover adhesive-covered pad which slips over the hand, and, by gentle patting, quickly removes lint, dust, threads, and hair from clothing, felt hats, suede shoes, and furniture. The other is a disposable lint-free nonwoven dusting fabric chemically treated to absorb dust without scratching or leaving any surface film. (2)

■ **Transistor Walkie-Talkie.** This economical and precision engineered portable two-way radio-transceiver requires no Federal license to operate, and is designed to receive and transmit from one and one-half miles to seven miles, depending upon the terrain and other conditions. High performance in this compact, hand-held unit is obtained through use of a nine-transistor super-heterodyne plus one diode circuit. It weighs only 18 ounces and may be carried in a coat pocket. Fast operation is possible by "on/off" volume and push-to-talk controls. The built-in speaker acts as a microphone when the push-to-talk button is depressed for transmitting. Private monitoring is possible by means of a jack and earphone. The telescoping antenna extends to 46 inches. Power is supplied by eight standard pen-light batteries with a stated life expectancy of up to 70 hours of use. Each unit is housed in a black-and-gold aluminum case, with leather carrying case, and shoulder strap and supplied with batteries, earphone, and snap-on leather case for the latter. These units will find service in the construction industries, athletic events, plant security, farming, camping, warehouse inventories, boat-

ing and hunting, and by lifeguards—and just for fun. They are made in Japan for a U.S.A. electronics firm. (3)

■ **Charcoal Lighter.** Charcoal briquettes placed in an electric lighter pot become a cherry red in about 15 minutes and ready for emptying into the barbecue grill. The unit, which holds approximately 60 briquettes, may be plugged in at a convenient electrical outlet. It also can be used to start fireplace coals without use of kindling. (4)

■ **Pill-Box Belt Buckle.** Male cardiac patients are assured of having their nitroglycerin tablets with them always through the invention of a new belt buckle. A special hidden vertical drawer holds five tablets. It is easily opened in

This ball-point pen's paper supply permits recording of important notes at meetings, conferences and conventions, club events, and on trips. A twist of the pen provides ample paper supply at the fingertips.



case of sudden need, thus eliminating fumbling in pockets and the leaving of pills at home. The belt buckle fits all standard one-inch belts, or it is available installed in a belt. (5)

■ **Alarm Pill Box.** A new combination pill-box timing device and key chain makes it easier for pill takers to remember their medicine on schedule. The timer can be set to sound an alarm for any time up to 60 minutes and on the reverse side there is a pill-box compartment. It also can be used to signal when parking-meter time has elapsed, to time long-distance telephone calls, to indicate baby's feeding time, or to remind businessmen about appointments. It is as small as a silver dollar in diameter, about three-quarters of an inch thick,

weighs one ounce. It is made in Switzerland and distributed in the United States. (6)

■ **Pistol Pruner.** This cleverly designed pistol-grip pruner reaches the hard-to-get-at branches of thorny bushes and flowers without exposure of hands and arms to the thorns. Its cutting edge is made of hardened steel. (7)

■ **Solar Lighter.** This lighter is a parabolic reflector about the size of the palm of the hand fitted with a device for locating a cigarette at its focal point. When pointed at the sun, its brightly polished aluminum reflector intensifies the sunlight several thousand times and concentrates it on the end of a cigarette. The cigarette is lighted in about ten seconds. Although available in two models, the larger model proved more satisfactory. (8)

■ **Picture-Window Umbrella.** With this new crystal-clear heavy-gauge vinyl sports umbrella, one looks through and not under when rainy winds blow. Measuring more than four feet wide, it has rugged 16-rib aluminum and steel windproof frame with easy-grip wooden ball handle. It closes to a 35-inch length and comes with a protective vinyl sheath case which fits in a golf bag or stows neatly in a car. Designed for all-weather sports fans, photographers, gardeners,

fishermen, and boating enthusiasts, it is wonderful too for rainy football games where it can keep three people dry and let them see every play! (9)

For Further Information, Write:

(1) J and M Distributors, Inc., 3155 S. Broadway, Englewood, Colo. (2) The Rowland Co., Inc., 415 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. (3) Lafayette Radio Electronics Corp., 165-08 Liberty Ave., Jamaica 33, N. Y. (4) The Algee Co., Box 245, Waukegan, Ill. (5) Health Safe, Inc., P. O. Box 266, Mercedes, Tex. (6) Norman A. Schorr and Co., 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. (7) Edgemont Sales, 4 Edgemont Circle, Whitesboro, N. Y. (8) Garret Thew Studios, 45 Roseville Rd., Westport 10, Conn. (9) Bradford's Inc., 255 Queen Anne Rd., Bogota, N. J. Photo: Calmart International, 429 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles 5, Calif.

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Let Us Save Their Lives

Too often, skilled first aid is barred at an accident as the victim's life ebbs away.

By MARY ROE

ON MONDAY, August 17, 1959, between 5:30 and 6 P.M., I stood on the corner of 42d Street and Broadway, New York City, and watched while a man lay dying on the sidewalk.

He was unconscious, his face was turning blue, his breath came in infrequent gasps. I judged that he had suffered either a heart attack or heat prostration—I could not tell which. But what I could tell, from 18 years' experience in both teaching and administering first aid, what I could tell from the knowledge that many famous physicians and safety men had passed on to me through my own first-aid training, was that the dying man needed oxygen, and that the only way he could get it before the arrival of tank oxygen was artificial respiration given manually, or by mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

The young policeman on that particular beat, on that particular day, evidently had no use for first-aid efforts. I offered my services, presenting my instructor's certificate and my emergency first-aid insignia stapled to a Civil Defense arm band which I carry in my purse at all times.

He said they didn't need any help.

I persisted in asking permission to give resuscitation, pointing out that the man had little chance to survive without it. His answer: "He don't need artificial respiration—he needs oxygen!"

I tried one more time: "Officer, he hasn't got time to wait for oxygen—he needs help in breathing right now!"

He refused to let me near the man.



Illustration by Ben Denison

I stood there three more minutes, timing it. During those three minutes the man on the baking sidewalk gave one agonized gasp, trying to breathe.

Then, feeling a monumental anger, powerless to act, I turned and went down the steps to the subway. I could hear no siren in the distance to say that oxygen was on the way. I didn't expect to hear any, since it was the evening rush hour, and the ambulance would be fighting heavy traffic. I don't know whether the man died or not, and I don't actually want to know, now, for the principle remains the same: *no matter what else ailed him, he desperately needed an exchange of air in his lungs.* Without oxygen, every cell in the body starts to die, and, on the average, six minutes is about the deadline on life without it.

It seemed to me then, and now, that it was a criminal act to deny the stranger that chance to live.

This grim incident points up the fact that first-aid training is still viewed with everything from suspicion to ridicule by many people, including doctors, although I have yet to hear of a doctor young enough to have served in the last war repudiating it—such doctors witnessed too many first-aid miracles performed on the battlefield by ordinary soldiers.

MANY people scoff at first aid as a lot of hocus-pocus taught by twittering-middle-aged ladies for want of something better to do. Nothing could be further from the truth. I have known instructors from the ranks of policemen, telephone and power linemen, highway patrolmen, firemen, stock brokers, truck drivers, doctors, teachers, accountants . . . from practically all walks of life. There is a sober directness about the work, the directness of meeting dire need exactly as it occurs and *when* it occurs, not minutes or hours later. There is directness in the act of ramming a fistful of cloth against a severed artery and holding it there until a doctor takes over. It is the commonsense act of preventing life from spurting unhindered out of a human body. There is a most dra-

matic directness in using your own breath to keep a man alive.

While a first-aider is not an expert diagnostician, he learns what to look for in the way of symptoms at the scene of an accident or sudden illness. One symptom is the color of an unconscious person. The man dying on the sidewalk in Times Square was turning blue, which meant that he needed oxygen and *no waiting*. The fact that he still gasped occasionally meant that his heart had not yet quit beating. With fast help he might have had a chance.

For even though the heart attack or other condition which causes unconsciousness may be severe enough to kill a victim anyhow, there's no question about stoppage of breathing, for it will most certainly kill him.

Actually, first-aid training is far more thorough than many people realize. The American Red Cross, while insisting that lesson material remain fairly standard, allows individual instructors (all unpaid, dedicated volunteers) a great deal of leeway in adapting instructions to the group receiving it. In nearly 20 years of teaching first aid, I, for example, have developed a combined standard and advanced course suitable for regular and Civil Defense police, regular and volunteer firemen, search and rescue teams, nurses, school-bus operators, ambulance drivers, and other groups likely to encounter a high percentage of accidents. During the course of my instruction I invite specialists to address such groups and answer their questions. One such is a brilliant young surgeon of our town who has given his valuable time over and over again to talk to first-aid classes, as has another brilliant man, a national authority on insecticides and other poisoning.

Then I arrange for one ambulance drill with a modern ambulance at a simulated-accident scene, with bleeding indicated by large or small irregular splotches of red cloth. I also include one demonstration of machine resuscitation and one lecture by a highway patrol safety officer, with perhaps a showing

of pictures from actual highway crashes.

Together with ordinary lesson material, starting with the first lesson, I like to introduce various problems in handling injured people, of removing victims from wrecked cars and from small hemmed-in places, etc., trying to simulate actual conditions which might be encountered under emergency conditions. (*Somebody* must take the responsibility for moving injured people, if only to get them out of the way of added danger.)

Other instructors develop their own methods of teaching, all quite thorough, and all quite effective. In judging whether we should issue certificates, most of us use the criterion "Would I trust this person to save my life?"

WHY is it, then, with dreadful monotony, hysterical relatives of the injured—or untrained lawmen—will not allow the victim to be "touched" until an ambulance arrives, a delay long enough, usually, to allow loss of blood and resultant shock to kill the victim on the way to the hospital? DOA (Dead on Arrival) could, so tragically often, be translated to mean "Dead of Antagonism"—toward layman first aid.

That New York City incident, while typical, is by no means an isolated case. I have investigated reports and have compared notes with other instructors from both in and out of my State concerning instances where forced waiting for an ambulance, a resuscitator, doctor, or other "legitimate" help was the time necessary for a victim of drowning, serious bleeding, or poison to die. For instance:

After being pulled from a swimming pool, Danny B., a child in the next town, died while "waiting" for a doctor. In this case no one, including a policeman called to the scene, knew how to render artificial respiration.

John L. was hit by a car and died of a severed artery in his leg while "waiting" for an ambulance. The sheriff's deputy who showed up would not allow him to be "touched."

A mother whose child had been accidentally hanged by playmates

A Simple Challenge



By DUSAN L. ("DANNY") MAKALE

Town Planner; Rotarian, Edmonton, Alta., Canada

I THROW you a simple challenge.

Spin the globe and put your finger on any point. Then ask yourself, "What do I know about the people who live here? What do they know about me?"

You might answer that it matters little whether you know them or not, and that if you do have certain opinions of them it is your affair. But images change. We are not consistent in our generalizations. As relations among nations change, so do our images of people. We accept generalities as truth and formulate attitudes which have no basis in fact.

The coin has two sides. What do *they* think about *me*? Take the popular image of Canada, for example. It is a fascinating country, a sort of overgrown Boy Scout, a white wilderness inhabited by sturdy lumberjacks, trappers, Mounties, fur traders who rob their partners, and sled dogs. There is a beautiful lake with a female name like Eloise or Louise or something like that. Then there are endless prairies with grain elevators, a French city with tall white buildings, and a colorful history in which first the French paid the Indians to scalp the British, then the British paid the Indians to scalp the French, and finally the Americans got into the act and there was an exciting battle between Wolfe and Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham. And that is the end of the history.

Do you think of people of other countries as human beings with joys and sorrows, hopes and desires, or do they all melt into one distorted character from a comic opera or a monster conjured out of fear and prejudice? Ask, "Why do I think of people as I do?" This simple question is a touchstone in the progress of civilization. This ability to ask "why?" surely ranks as one of our finest gifts.

Get to know other people and help them to know you. Make humanity, decency, understanding, and respect the basis of your relations with others. Share your joys and your sorrows, your ideals and your strivings. Don't dwell on differences, whether they are political, economic, cultural, or those of creed and race, but concentrate on similarities. You will discover that similarities infinitely outweigh differences, and that differences have purpose in enriching and giving variety to life.

defied anyone to render artificial respiration, but instead ran several blocks to the family doctor—who was out. The child died.

It was more than an hour before a 12-year-old boy in my county, bitten by a large rattlesnake, received medical aid. No one at the scene performed the simple first-aid act of sucking the poison from the punctures: thus the venom had ample time to reach the boy's heart, killing him.

These are all actual cases, and I could cite dozens more where there was either no one at the scene of a tragedy who knew first aid, or, worse, where a qualified person was not allowed to act.

There are a great many police and fire departments in which every man is skilled in first aid. Alert, well-trained policemen and firemen have saved thousands of lives because of such training. But no citizen, in my opinion, should rest until he is certain that every policeman, fireman, and sheriff's deputy in his community is a skilled first-aid-er. And no one should ever prevent the person qualified in first aid from giving that aid immediately.

THE skilled first-aid-er can be recognized by his wallet-sized first-aid certificate. In the future, perhaps, first-aid-ers will don insignia-marked white jackets to promote cooperation at the accident scene. Many volunteers like myself would even like to see *standardized* badges and credentials issued to qualified first-aid-ers. Anyone preventing authorized persons from giving aid would be subject to fine or imprisonment. Adequate publicity would ensure that everyone would know the meaning of the badge and the card.

Today the general public should keep in mind that the volunteer who presents a first-aid certificate at the scene of an accident has cared enough about his fellowman to train in preparation for that very moment. People everywhere should also understand that a first-aid-er is often able, with his bare hands, to bridge the valley of death which far too frequently lies between an accident and professional medical help.

The Duck That Will Live Forever

by gordon
gaskill

Illustrations by
Phil Austin



How a wild mallard, named 'Gertie,' became a celebrity in Wisconsin's largest city.

TOWARD the close of April, 1945, when World War II was drawing to its end in blood and fury, there began in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, one of the most fantastic episodes of modern America—a mixture of heart and hoopla, ludicrous but tender, wacky but wonderful. It centered around a simple drama as old as the coming of Spring, and the heroine was a mallard duck, a few pounds of anonymous brown feathers. But maybe because it offered relief from the grisly insanity of war, it touched the hearts of Milwaukee, then all America, and finally half the world, making Gertie perhaps the most famous mallard in history.

What was to make this duck perhaps the most famous mallard in history was where she chose her nest. Normally a mallard is among the wariest, shiest of earth's creatures. Yet for some strange unfathomable reason, this duck chose to nest right in the roaring heart of downtown Milwaukee. The place she chose was one of a bunch of pilings that protected a bridge carrying Milwaukee's main street (Wisconsin Avenue) across the foul, greasy

Milwaukee River. A bare four steps from her piling nest, some 87,000 people and hundreds of clanging streetcars crossed the bridge every day; the bridge itself roared open from time to time to let ships through. Seldom in the recorded history of duckdom did a mallard choose such an unlikely nesting spot. In the rotting top of an up-ended white-oak log she made a sort of shallow bowl, lined it cosily with down plucked from her breast, then settled in to begin laying eggs.

Strangely, nobody seemed to notice the nesting mallard for the first few days, although the piling end was ten feet above water level, and the nest was in plainest view of the passing thousands. But on April 27 a city electrician named Ray Clemens happened to glance at the piling as he crossed the bridge—and, startled, looked again. Then he telephoned the Milwaukee *Journal's* outdoors editor, the late Gordon MacQuarrie, who was, to say the least of it, highly skeptical.

"I'm telling you it's a duck!" Clemens said, nettled. "A mallard duck with three eggs already, and she's nesting so close to the Wis-



consin Avenue bridge you can almost touch her with your hand." MacQuarrie decided it wouldn't hurt to send a photographer down to see what it was all about.

For the next five weeks, Gertie the Great (as the *Journal* immediately named her) shared headlines with some of the most dramatic events of the war. Radio, photographs, and newsreels extended her audience to millions



Gordon Gaskill picked up his story of Gertie the Duck not in Milwaukee, but in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, where Gertie's benefactor, Lawrence Hautz, now resides. After working as a reporter on various Tennessee daily newspapers, and with the Associated Press, the New Jersey-born scribe in 1941 went overseas as a staff writer for the *American Magazine* and has been a foreign correspondent ever since, later for *Collier's*. He lives with his wife and two children in Rome, recently toured for seven months in East Africa.

more. At times Milwaukee radio stations flashed hourly bulletins about her, and the great news agencies had staffers assigned to Gertie. Abroad, military newspapers and radio networks kept almost daily track of Gertie. American soldiers, far from resenting their rival for headlines, were eager to read everything they could about Gertie. One soldier wrote back: "She's the greatest morale builder this outfit ever had."

As soon as Milwaukee read about Gertie, people began flocking down to the Wisconsin Avenue bridge to see her; at times the crowds grew so big that they blocked bridge traffic and had to be dispersed by police. The city began mobilizing all its generosity, and the watchword soon became "Anything for Gertie!"

And Gertie needed help. Where the Milwaukee River crosses the downtown heart of the city, it becomes a travesty of a river. Here it is polluted and dark, bound tightly between concrete walls and oil-soaked timbers. It has no riverbank, no greenery, no sand, no natural place where a hungry duck might look for food. But just across the river, below the other end of the bridge, some debris had lodged, and a little mud had collected around it to form a few dirty square feet. It was not much, but there was nothing better, and

Gertie got into the habit of flying off to this mud patch briefly each day to peck out what she could. Noting this, the watching crowds began dropping food there: cracked corn, bits of luncheon sandwiches, cakes, cookies, lettuce leaves.

Gertie seemed to respond to this thoughtfulness and on April 28 produced news that soon echoed in press and radio: *Gertie Lays*

Fourth Egg. She went on laying steadily until at last she had nine. (Three later disappeared, nobody knows how.)

On May 2 the newspapers were ablaze with victory news: the Allies had occupied Milan, had linked up with Tito's partisans. But there was space, too, for a crisis about Gertie: for the first time since she had nested on the piling, the bridge had to be opened to pass two ships. Larger crowds than ever came to watch. Would the noise and movement bother Gertie? The bridge tenders worked as gently as they could, and the two ships eased by as unobtrusively as possible. When it was obvious Gertie hadn't batted an eye, the bridge tenders and the ship captains sighed with relief, and the crowds cheered wildly.

ON May 4 it was announced that marine contractors were supposed to start work on a new \$1,040 piling-replacement contract very near Gertie's nest. City authorities decided to put it off, saying: "It might bother Gertie."

On May 5, press and radio flashed out the news to all America and to troops overseas: *Gertie Starts Incubating*. They added the news that a Nazi admiral had come to Reims, France, to begin final negotiations to end the war in Europe.

With motherhood nearing, Ger-

tie began to get all kinds of presents, sent to the shanty of the bridge tenders, who became her unofficial guardians. She got tiny layettes, doll's layettes, miniature hand-knitted blankets and diapers, even a tiny cradle. Somebody sent a wooden stork, which touched off some argument about whether storks *really* brought little ducks or not. Hundreds sent "Get Well Soon" and "Greetings to the New Arrival" cards, which the bridge tenders hung in long gay festoons at their shanty windows.

Then a shadow appeared. A reporter happened to ask Lawrence Hautz, State president of the Izaak Walton (conservation) League and himself an ardent ornithologist, how long it would take Gertie's eggs to hatch. "Oh, about 25 days—say, around Memorial Day," Hautz said, in what was to prove an amazingly accurate prophecy. "But," he went on, "this whole thing is headed for tragedy. Nobody's thought ahead about what's going to happen when those ducklings are hatched. Where's Gertie going to raise them? The river is so polluted that there's no natural food like insect larvae; and if the ducklings try to swim, the oil will mat their little wings and they'll sink."

This sobering thought was published next day. The Mayor read it, frowning; so did the city commissioners; so did all the conservation and wildlife societies. So did just about everybody else. First response came from the city public-works department, which announced it would make sure no oil would mat the wings of the ducklings-to-be. It promised that when the hatching day drew near, it would start up its great pumps and send 2½ million gallons of clean lake water every hour into the Milwaukee River to flush away the oil. The cost of all this extra pumping? Never mind. "Anything for Gertie!"

On May 8—VE Day—Milwaukee soberly and fervently celebrated the end of the war with Germany. But a few citizens still found time to think about Gertie, and began making rafts for her. One of them was a beautifully carpentered job, about eight feet long

and four wide, with a ramp so that Gertie and the ducklings could easily climb from the water, it had clean sand strewn on it, a basin of fresh water, a pile of cracked corn and lettuce leaves. Soon this fine floating home was moored near the bridge.

Sunday, May 13, was Mother's Day. Now Mother's Day cards and poems arrived for Gertie, plus not a few carnations. By now Gertie was an established institution. Streetcar motormen often stopped their cars in mid-bridge, dashed out to peer over the railing, then came back to shout to their passengers: "Gertie's O.K.!" People making a rendezvous would say: "Meet you at Gertie's at 8 o'clock." Some children refused to go to bed unless their parents would drive them down to "say good night to Gertie." Schoolteachers took their classes down to watch Gertie. Gimbels, one of Milwaukee's greatest department stores, was right at the end of the bridge. It redecorated one whole window facing the mallard and made it "Gertie's Window," with stuffed ducks and ducklings—neatly tied in with promotion of sporting goods. The humane society stationed a guard; policemen made frequent vigilant visits; the Boy Scouts organized a Gertie patrol, four to six boys at a time, to protect her from harm.

Tension mounted as the predicted May 30 hatching day neared. Scores of people stopped to ask, "Is there anything we can do to help?" Hautz was still uneasy. To be on the safe side, he went to a big sporting-goods store and was gladly given ("Anything for Gertie!") two long-handled dip nets. He got two more rather odd items: a huge roll of absorbent cotton and five pounds of corn meal. He fastened all these things to the wall of a bridge tenders' shanty with a warning sign: "For Emergency Use for Gertie Only," plus his name and all his telephone numbers, instructing them to call him at any hour of day or night if something went wrong.

On May 29—the day before the predicted hatching—the city's public-works pumps began forcing pure lake water coursing down the Milwaukee River as

promised, and the superintendent of bridges ordered rowboats in readiness in case of emergency.

May 30, the predicted hatching day, was also Memorial Day, and Milwaukee celebrated it with special fervor because of the just-won victory in Europe. A great parade was routed down Wisconsin Avenue. As it neared the bridge, Gertie's Bridge—the crowds whispered in unison a great *S-s-shhhh!* The bands instantly stopped their music; the marching thousands almost tiptoed across the bridge. Gertie didn't seem to notice.

AT 5:30 that afternoon the news was flashed all over America, and to the troops overseas: *Gertie's First Duckling Born*. It was newspaper-named "Black Bill." Thousands rushed to the bridge to watch it. Gertie was very busy for the next 24 hours. One egg after another hatched out, and the bridge crowds grew ever denser, watching Gertie fluff out their tiny feathers, cover them with her warm body, tossing away the bits of broken shell. By the evening of May 31 she had five ducklings.

When night fell, one of the worst storms in years struck Milwaukee, bringing high winds and heavy, pelting cold rain. Shortly after midnight, Larry Hautz' telephone rang. It was bridge tender Alex Rehorst.

"Things are in a terrible mess



down here." Rehorst panted. "The little ducks keep falling out of the nest into the river. We keep fishing them out with the net and putting them back, but they fall in again. And Gertie's gone!"

"I'll be right down!" Hautz snapped, "but meantime, dip out all the ducklings you can and take them up into your shanty, not back to the nest." Then he shout-

ed to his wife, Carol: "Boil up a dozen hard-boiled eggs, but *fast!*" He leaped into some coveralls and within a few minutes was rocketing down Lincoln Memorial Drive. At the bridge he found that Rehorst and the other night tender, Fred Schultz, had, with amazing skill and perseverance, managed to rescue four ducklings, and had them warm and safe in a cardboard box near the shack coal stove.

"Nice going!" Hautz said, then adding with a sigh: "A shame that fifth one's gone. All the kids in Milwaukee knew there were five, and now there are only four. . . ."

One tender said: "There's still one egg left in the nest, not hatched."

"Go get it!" Hautz said. He was almost certain the cold beating rain had destroyed any possible life in the exposed egg. Still. . . . He examined it closely and found a tiny quarter-inch worn hole. Every embryonic duckling has a tiny, hard "egg tooth" on the top side of its bill, which disappears soon after birth. With this, the still-unhatched duckling cuts his way out of the egg. Hautz focused his flashlight into the hole, and saw the tiny bill still moving, faintly, feebly. "There's still life here!" he shouted.

He decided to try to peel the shell away from the egg membrane and save the duckling in-

side. It had to be done with exquisite care for often the duckling's little yellow "life sac" (on which it lives for the first few hours of life) is attached inside to the membrane. If it is ruptured, the duckling dies.

Hautz set to work, concentrating on "the hardest work I ever did in my life." Absorbed, dripping with [Continued on page 54]

A Heart Attack Taught Me How to Live

By BROOKS C. SHAW

Rotarian, Jackson, Tenn.

STRANGE as it may seem, I honestly feel that the heart attack which struck me not so long ago was not an entirely bad thing. The angina pectoris which followed it and is with me today is more a blessing than a curse. Before you think something also happened to my head, let me explain with a little personal history that may help others who are on the same dangerous path I trod. One "case history" may serve better than a longer, impersonal warning.

Coronaries are said to be caused by strain and tension, which I have known from an early age. Always the big desire in my life was to get "ahead." Ahead of what, I don't think I have ever really discovered.

After serving in World War II, I bought a small country grocery—the kind known in the deep South, where men sit and talk on rainy days around a cast-iron heating stove. At the first offer of selling this business at a profit, I moved on, looking for that "big" something in my life.



Shaw

A small wholesale grocery hired me as a route man, and I was soon outselling the other six salesmen.

My success brought me a better job with a larger company and two and a half years of good selling experience.

Then my home town called on me for an undertaking that no one else was willing to try. A friend was a stockholder in a small new canned-meat plant which had never operated successfully and was idle.

I wasn't excited about the job, because I had no experience along this line, and I didn't hesitate to tell the stockholders so. They insisted that I give it further consideration—and, finally, I became the general manager of this little known meat-processing plant, showing a wobbly deficit, and with almost no trained labor.

Here was my opportunity—here was the "big" thing with which I could prove and convince myself. The first year I drove my car 35,000 miles looking for business. I was still the "supersalesman." I worked many nights, sometimes until midnight. It was a must that I see every move made at the plant and approve everything that anybody said or did. There was no such thing as a vacation, and I worked all holidays and Saturdays.

My social life was tied in with my work. I had no office secretary, and during the day I dictated letters and correspondence over the phone to an attractive young lady who worked in her father's real-estate office about two miles from my own office. We had been going together for some two years. In

the evening she had the letters ready, and I dated her, taking time to sign and mail the letters, plan sales bulletins, price lists, or promotional materials for her to work out for me the next day. She was wonderful then, as she is now. We were married in June, 1953.

I didn't believe there was a goal that could not be reached, or a prospective customer too far away, and I always put my job first—above everybody and everything. I swallowed my food like a madman, and never said "No" to any request for civic duties or committee meetings. When I planned to go on a selling trip, I worked all day at the plant and drove that night to my destination. Occasionally I ran into my old schoolmates, or someone from the rural community of my boyhood. Their words of praise for my success acted as a stimulant, and I kept driving ahead.

Then came the warning signals: on two successive nights, during a hard selling trip, I suffered acute chest pains which I dismissed as indigestion—but which were probably mild heart attacks. A few days later there was an excruciating chest pain which I subdued with pills. But soon, after supper, the terrific pain came again—only this time it also went down my left arm.

I called the doctor, arranged for a hospital check-up two days later. The cardiograms showed no signs of heart trouble and the doctors assured me I was "too young to think of such a thing." I was 32.

I was still in the hospital when the big attack came—coronary thrombosis.

THE next 15 days were spent in the hospital—four days under oxygen, and the rest with strict orders not to move. After 19 days I was taken to our new home. The ambulance man drove the full length of its 98 feet so I could have a good look. It wasn't a fancy or an expensive house, but it did seem wonderful to me.

After six weeks at home in bed, not even being allowed to bathe myself, I was permitted to move around a bit.

And after an absence of more than three months I returned to the office—one hour each day for the first week and an added 30 minutes each day of the second week. My doctor told me to be careful. All was well for a while.

Then I began to feel my full strength again, and I thought I was as well as ever. I overindulged in routine matters, and fell back into the old rut full swing. One evening, after a long and exciting day at the office, I came home and had an acute angina. An

angina is like a heart attack except that it usually goes away in a short time, especially with the aid of a nitroglycerine tablet.

I discussed this with my doctor, and he told me to take it easy, and rest a little each day after lunch. After a few more days of too much work, and more angina, I began to see the light.

Providence is putting out a little signal, I told myself, and is asking me to obey it. These anginas are to warn me that I am running too fast. I am getting into trouble, and should stop and think.

At the same time this realization came to me, another dawned. I took a look around me. My family, my employees, my friends, had been wonderful while I was recuperating. The employees had done a wonderful job—they had carried on while I was out, friends had showered me with letters, cards, flowers, gifts, and words of encouragement. All this I had taken for granted. That very moment I planned to change my whole pattern of living.

I started trying even harder to tell my wife how much she and all my family meant to me. At the office, responsibilities were assigned to those whom I had hired as much as nine years earlier. My duties, which were many, were divided, and apportioned to qualified employees. There was a thorough discussion of each job analysis with each chosen individual, and he was asked to be accountable for his department.

TODAY, after four years of training, and listening, we have one of the most efficient and fastest-growing plants in the country, with much greater sales than in previous years. We are making money each year, and expanding our sales and territories to cover a part of eight States. In this, our 11th year, we are doing approximately 15 times as much business as we did in our first year, and have tripled our plant facilities.

I still have some angina—if I overeat, if I get the least bit excited, if I stay a little overtime at the office, if I play with the children too hard, if I miss my nap in the afternoon, or if I refuse to say "No" to some community project. But with all the seriousness I can put into words, I truly and sincerely believe God blessed me when He let me have angina after my heart attack. Otherwise I would be like thousands of you who are living, or have lived, a similar fast and exciting life, and who just can't believe such a thing could happen to you.

Last week I went to the hospital to call on three friends. All had been struck down with a heart attack, and all are of the sort I was—believing they can't stop. One told me, "Brooks, I just can't believe I had a heart attack." And last night I saw in the paper that he had attended a directors' meeting. The thought occurred to me, "Will God bless him, as He has me, and let him realize—make him know—when it is time to slow down?"

Aside from endangering his health, the person who always rushes toward tomorrow forgets that life is made up of a series of "todays"—each to be savored.

Today while driving home from lunch, trying to

remain calm in a traffic jam, I saw a woman so nervous her fingers played a tune on the steering wheel. I occupied myself during the wait by watching a pair of insects on my windshield, admiring the beauty of their colored wings and noting that one sported whiskers.

Tonight the four of us—my wife, my small son and daughter, and I—painted lawn chairs. We all splattered a little paint on ourselves, but it was all right. We knew we were all together, having a wonderful home life. We stopped long enough to build a grasshopper house with the children—a little pen from scrap lumber, where the newly found pet could sleep that night.

Tomorrow will be another day, probably just a little different from today. That is as I want it. I will try to make new friends, and live my life in such a way as to keep the old friends.

Let me close with one thought: *slow down before it is too late*. If you really want to see the beauty that is around you, if you really want to know just how wonderful your wife and children are, if you really want to see your son and daughter grow up, and not be surprised by a wedding invitation signalling that they are no longer children in your home, if you really have faith in your employees and your friends, then "slow down" and take a really good close-up look at them and your life.

How to Recognize a Heart Attack

THERE are many warning signs which might signal a heart attack. When an attack actually occurs, the most common symptom is a severe pain which may travel from the middle of the chest down the left arm, as well as to the lower jaw and upper abdomen. This pain is often accompanied by nausea, weakness, and shock.

However, there are other, earlier signs. If they are recognized and treated in time, a full-scale coronary may never occur. These warnings, sometimes called the "subtle symptoms," include chest pains, increased tensions, worry, fatigue, sleeplessness, shortness of breath, palpitations, and compulsive overeating often followed by indigestion.

None of these items is, per se, a definite sign of coronary disease—they could indicate something else or have no medical meaning at all. However, their presence is a warning to see your family doctor for a physical checkup. An early diagnosis of incipient heart disease means that medicine's many preventive tools can help you stay healthy.

—LEONARD W. LARSON, M.D.
President, American Medical Association
Rotarian, Bismarck, No. Dak.

By **ROBERT T. WRIGHT**

*Newspaper Publisher;
Rotarian, Montello, Wis.*

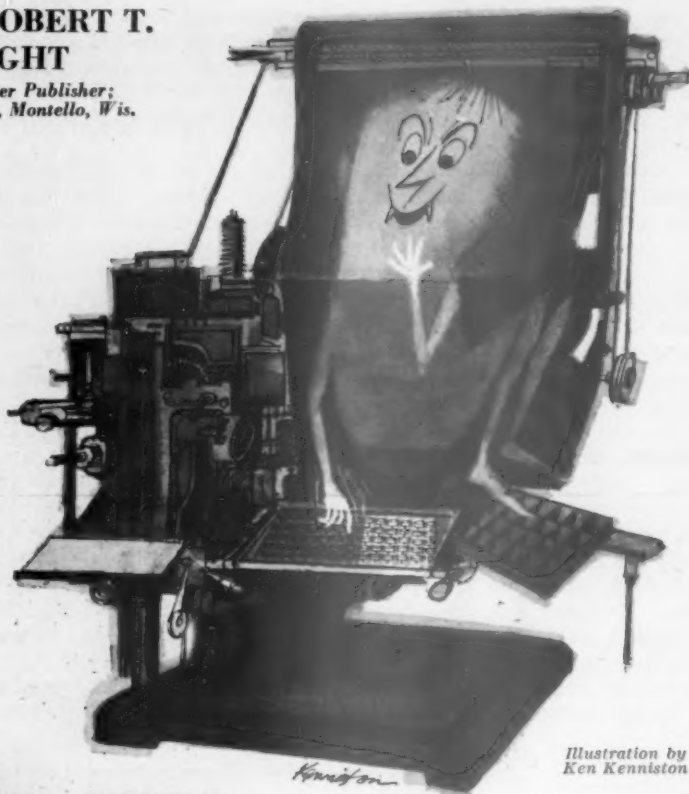


Illustration by
Ken Kenniston

'She wore a punk dress' . . . The Thing has done it again—with one of its many weapons.

SOME months ago, as the last copy of my weekly newspaper rolled off the press and that ancient pile of scrap iron clanked to a halt, I picked up the last copy to give it a casual scanning. Opening to the society page, I glanced at a wedding story and there, in letters which appeared at least one foot high, was the following statement:

"The matron of honor was attired in a punk dress of chantilly lace accentuated," etc.

I had done it again!

The very next morning the lady in question was waiting for me when I arrived at the office and her comments on the wedding story were straight and to the point, though neither brief nor softly spoken. In short, she maintained that I had done it on purpose; that "punk" cannot possibly become "punk" without some degree of malice on somebody's part! All my protestations that it wasn't my fault were wasted.

I have been through this particular ordeal many times, of course. Only the

week before, a local alderman had performed some high-decibel antics in my establishment after I had quoted him as saying that "we need an appropriation to rebuild some of the bridges in the city." The week before that I had been refused payment from an advertiser who claimed that he had *not* intended to offer for sale "a modern ranch-type horse with running water."

As a country editor of many years' standing, I have a skin as tough as a mule outlet and can shed the frequent chewings-out readily. But it is terribly frustrating to be completely unable to explain that these errors are not my doing, nor the fault of my two employees, but are completely the result of the Evil Spirits which inhabit The Thing.

The Thing is a Model Five Linotype, a device which, when treated properly, turns out the lines of type from which the newspaper is printed. The Thing was constructed, along with thousands of similar machines, by a linotype com-

pany in New York. I certainly have no quarrel with this company, which still produces fine, praiseworthy typesetting machines which are used all over the world. I have no quarrel with Model Fives as a class. Thousands of them are doing yeoman duty from coast to coast, turning out good reliable news each week without once saying as mine did, "If the dress fits too snugly, perhaps your hams can be let out."

I can only assume, then, that The Thing somehow came under malevolent supernatural influences since it was spawned some 40 years ago. I have concluded that The Thing has become inhabited by a Poltergeist, a type of Evil Spirit which delights in making life miserable for someone without actually doing anything truly drastic—like killing him.

I purchased The Thing a few years ago from a reputable dealer in reconditioned machinery. Before that it had had a long series of frustrated owners, many of whom I have met, others of whom I have only heard.

I have lived and suffered with The Thing long enough now to know that the Poltergeist cannot be exorcised by mechanical means. I have called in expert repairmen who clank around the machine with hammers, swear magnificently, and then conclude sarcastically that "the trouble with you, Wright, is that you are a poor linotype operator and a lousy proofreader!" What nonsense! I am a good operator and a first-rate proofreader. But if I set "Polish Sausages, per lb. . . . 60¢" very carefully, and be absolutely certain that it reads properly on the proof, I can still be quite sure it will appear in the paper as "Polish Savages, per lb. . . . 60¢." I know it can, because just a month ago it did and I received a number of nasty remarks from readers of Central European ancestry.

I took the problem up with another weekly editor a couple of years ago and tentatively worked in my opinion about the Poltergeist. This worthy, who had survived 35 years in the weekly newspaper business and was very, very wise, did not laugh. He agreed wholeheartedly with me and suggested quite seriously that The Thing might be rendered spiritless if I would sacrifice a goat before it a couple of times. "If that doesn't work, you have only two choices," he added. "You can sell the darned thing or drive an oak stake through its heart at midnight."

He also added that he was certain that he was one of the previous owners of the machine, but had got rid of it after his paper came out with the statement that the "Best man was B. . . . W. . . . who is a bother to the groom."

"I could have suffered through that one," he said, "but that same issue con-

tained the statement that "the District Attorney objected to the manner in which the defense had presented his fleas to the court."

I am quite aware, of course, that virtually all newspapers contain occasional typographical errors. Even the New York Times has been known to have them, and every weekly I have ever seen contains a few. But they are innocuous, harmless, spineless, and pointless little things, like "hte" for "the," or "CChief" for "Chief." Not mine! No indeed! The Thing produces only errors which, when the paper hits the mail, causes the earth to shake and the Editor to disconnect the phone.

The Thing works in devious ways its evils to perform, and perhaps one of the most effective is to produce statements which are grammatically and typographically perfect, but which are completely saturated with double entendre.

I STILL shudder when I recall the incident a few years ago when I was suddenly confronted by an elderly lady who used to send (past tense) an occasional news letter of "locals" from a near-by community. I gathered from her expression that she was not happy. This was confirmed a moment later when she opened up with a verbal broadside that broke chunks out of the office plaster and upset two type cases in the back shop. That a dear, sheltered old lady could use words like that! Well!

I weathered the typhoon for 15 minutes, quite unaware of the reason for her wrath, though in no doubt as to its magnitude. After she had left I thought it might be a good idea to look at her column in the last issue. Sure enough. The Thing had done it again!

"Due to the storm, the Bible Study Society was unable to meet. However, Rev. D. . . . and Miss Bessie M. . . . spent an enjoyable evening studying sin."

I checked the old girl's news letter. That was word for word, letter for letter, the way she had written it. But of course, had it not been for The Thing I could have caught it.

When it comes to sins of omission, an entire missing line can be catastrophic, as we have seen, but the omission of a single letter can also lead to all manner of consequences, all of them dire. A missing "r," for example, once earned me the enmity of some friends about whom I had written, "Mr. and Mrs. F. . . . R. . . . entertained a group of fiends Saturday night."

The Thing is capable of withholding some letters, but has also been known to drop in extras on occasion with results I still dream about. A couple of loose "h's" dropped in one time where they were not intended, once produced this classic: "Sam S. . . . spent two

daysh at a convention last week." Those two letters, thrown in by the Poltergeist strictly on its own, added overtones to that simple sentence which were never intended.

Along with withholding and adding letters, dropping lines, and causing mental lapses in the operator, The Thing also has another weapon: the substitution of one letter for another. How fascinating it is for the city council, the chamber of commerce, and the Rotary Club to be informed that "our community is fortunate to be situated on a hell overlooking a lake." This doesn't add much to our program of civic boosting. And it's got so that I will do almost anything to avoid printing the name of a person named Hill or Hull. The doggone contraption'll do it every time.

As any weekly editor who has ever owned The Thing can tell you, there are always a few other individuals in the community whom the Poltergeist hates violently. Virtually every time you mention these unfortunates something drastic happens, until finally they are convinced you've got it in for them and no amount of apologies can convince them otherwise.

I've got several readers who appear to be the particular objects of the hatred of The Thing. One of them is named Louise and I have absolutely nothing against her; she is a fine woman and a credit to the community. But when her name appeared in the paper for the fourth time as "Lousie," I quit trying to apologize and gave her a lifetime subscription. I am only thankful that "Lousie" is not a strong muscular man.

One of our local general-store owners, a regular large-scale advertiser, is also the particular object of The Thing's hatred and rare indeed is the week when his ad does not contain black-and-white evidence of this. A descriptive line "Whole or Shank" appeared once as "Whale and Shark." The operator claimed that's what the handwritten copy looked like, though what a fishy line like this was doing in the ham department only The Thing knows.

That he has a magnificent sense of humor is the only thing that keeps this grocer on our list of advertisers, though it very nearly reached the breaking point a year or so ago when descriptive lines in the dry-goods and grocery sections of his ad were transposed and the buying public noted with interest that he was offering

Juicy Navel
WORK SOCKS.85 per pair
All wool
ORANGES, 3 dozen. \$1.00

"I suppose I really should cancel all my advertising," he said once, "but the fact is that I just can't wait from week to week to see what you're gonna do next."

I have found that The Thing also hates newlyweds with a terrible intensity, and rare indeed is the wedding story that doesn't show it. Some of its more classical productions are more or less unprintable (and I wish they had been totally so), but the previously quoted "punk dress" item is typical of the more refined goofs. I still squirm when I recall having produced the deathless line, "The bride is the laughter of Mr. and Mrs. . . ." Another nuptial story stated innocently that "The groom is the son of Mrs. Ethel S. . . . and a senior at the university," a sentence that has implications which were not apparent to me—until they were called to my attention by a number of "thoughtful" readers.

My heart bleeds for a previous owner of The Thing whose paper contained the information that "The mother of the bride wore a fool outfit in aqua and white." For sheer, unadulterated wrath none can match that of the mother of the bride.

How does the public take all this?

Fantastic as it seems, the 2,300 subscribers to the *Tribune* seem to enjoy it and circulation keeps going up, probably due to a desire "to see what the idiot Wright'll come up with this week." Not long ago one subscriber came into the office to renew his paper and brought with him his small son. "See," he said to the boy, "this is the man who makes all the funny mistakes." He talked much as if he were introducing a Supreme Court Justice. I truly think he was proud of me. Of course, he has not yet been personally involved with The Thing's productions.

FRANKLY, I consider myself fortunate. I know for a fact that The Thing is still far from reaching its peak in sheer malevolence. It apparently hates me much less than the poor soul who owned it a few years ago. This man, who is now doubtless either dead or in an institution, once produced a paper in which he carried stories of (1) the death of the mayor's wife and (2) the burning of a dilapidated old icehouse. Digging in his files he came up with pictures of the late deceased and the icehouse prior to the fire. Then he seated himself at The Thing and produced two captions for the pictures.

But of course, when the paper came out, the lengths to which The Thing can go were all too horrifyingly apparent. Over the picture of the mayor's late wife was the statement, "Old Eyesore Gone at Last."

One of these days something like that is going to happen to me, and when it does—the sharpened oaken stake is all ready and the airport isn't far away.

Speaking of Books



*If your reading diet calls for a menu of books
on the sea or land, here are recent items.*

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

WHEN FISH WON'T BITE

WHY Fish Bite and Why They Don't, by James Westman, is an expert and readable answer to a perennial Summer question. As chairman of wildlife conservation at Rutgers University, James Westman knows and reports the results of a lot of really scientific investigation in recent years of the ways and wills of fish. But his book is anything but a dry scientific report. He believes that "the spirit of the boy with his fishing rod and can of worms . . . is something that should be understood, shared, and encouraged by all of us"—and his book is both knowledgeable and highly enjoyable. Another first-rate book for the angler is *Fresh-Water Fishing Complete*, by Edward C. Janes. It is full of sound information on lures, casting, "where the fish are," and, yes, preparing and cooking fish; and its pages are rich with lively stories of personal experience.

GARDENING MADE EASY

Gardening without Work is the engaging title of a friendly, helter-skelter, unassuming book, subtitled "For the Aged, the Busy, and the Indolent," and written by Ruth Stout—a lady who certainly wears her 76 years with a gracious difference. She believes that she has found the answer to most of the gardener's problems—not all—in heavy mulching; and her report of experience with her method is sufficiently convincing to make me resolve to give it a careful trial the next time I have a chance to do some gardening. Meanwhile her book is real fun to read. *Greenhouse Gardening As a Hobby*, by James Underwood Crockett, is another highly infectious volume. It will certainly be helpful to anyone who has his own greenhouse, large or small; and I suspect it will stimulate the sale of greenhouses! I

spend odd moments (if any) in figuring out where I could put one.

SEASHELLS AND THE SEA

Caribbean Seashells, by Germaine L. Warmke and R. Tucker Abbott, is a truly fine book. In the first place, it is a thing of beauty in itself, for the many plates of the colorful tritons, conchs, cowries, and other shells are the finest I have ever seen, and the abundant line drawings are equally good. In the second place, the systematic descriptions of the many kinds of shells to be found in the Caribbean area are clear enough to be used by the amateur and yet complete and authoritative, making it easily possible for anyone to achieve scientific



Amateur conchologists and marine biologists find *Caribbean Seashells*, by Germaine L. Warmke and R. Tucker Abbott, a unique shelling guide. This is but one of its numerous illustrations.

value and interest in his shell collection. Finally, the volume is rich in practical, detailed information on "how" and "where" for every good collecting area in Bermuda and the whole Caribbean region. My wife and I had a tiny taste of shell collecting in Bermuda last Summer, and we're eager to do more of it. We recommend *Caribbean Seashells* most warmly.

A Biography of the Sea, by Richard Carrington, is just what the title implies, "the story of the world ocean, its life and its influence on human history"; and it is scientifically sound, remarkably well written, immensely informative, and intelligently illustrated—an excellent example of the kind of book that holds sustained interest and gives lasting satisfaction. *Seven Miles Down*, by Jacques Piccard and Robert S. Dietz, is the truly thrilling story, well told, of the building and achievements of the bathyscaphe *Trieste*, in which for the first time human beings have been able to penetrate the ultimate depths of the sea, and not only to come back alive, but also to bring back the answers to major questions long unsolved.

The Herring Gull's World, by Niko Tinbergen, is at once a classic in the scientific study of animal behavior and a book of lively interest for the amateur. Dealing as it does with one of the commonest of birds, and reporting in lively, concrete terms literally thousands of observations on courtship, nesting, community and family life, and the other activities of gulls, it is at once an admirable introduction to one of the most fascinating fields of modern science and first-rate reading in its own right.

An established classic both as literature and as science—a book I never tire of praising—now comes to us in a new dress and a new edition: Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us*. This book goes on every list of recommendations I give to university and pre-university students—and to practically everybody else. It is as firm in organization and as beautiful in style as it is factually sound. In this new edition of a work of which a million and a half copies have appeared in 28 languages since its first publication ten years ago, Miss Carson has embodied the results of the immense progress in study of the ocean in the decade, without in any measure impairing the flavor and quality of the original work.

THE SEA OF SPACE

I had given up hoping ever to understand the methods and findings of modern astronomy, but Ben Bova's *The Milky Way Galaxy* makes me feel that I can get at least some glimmerings after all. This is a scientific book (Dr. Albert V. Baez, of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, writes the introduc-



Typical of Garth Williams' 35 drawings found in Margery Sharp's *The Rescuers* are these two (above and below). They keep pace with every event in the tale of three assorted mice.



tion), and Mr. Bova uses the necessary scientific terms and concepts. But he explains these so clearly that even I can understand them (or most of them); and the writing in which he uses these terms to help the reader understand what is known—and unknown—is so simple, lively, and forceful that it removes very much of the difficulty inherent in this wonderfully interesting field.

In comparison, Guy Murchie's *Music of the Spheres* is a pretentious book. Mr. Murchie is enthusiastic about the prospects for exploration of space, as a lot of people are. I'm not one of them: I figure that we have plenty of things yet to take care of on this earth to keep us busy for at least a generation or two. Further, Mr. Murchie isn't content with present knowledge of one galaxy, but takes all space and all time for his province—not to mention the nature of matter, the origin of music, and many other fields. His book is undeniably rich in illustrative detail, and his writing is concrete and personal. I think a lot of people are going to like this book, and find it absorbing and rewarding. Perhaps it's just my stuck-in-the-mud-of-this-planet conservatism that makes me less than enthusiastic.

ABOUT PRESIDENTS

The Health of Our Presidents, by Rudolph Marx, M.D., is a book of sub-

stantial interest. Dr. Marx has given extensive research to the physical well-being or lack of it of every President of the United States from George Washington to Franklin D. Roosevelt, and to the effect of the health of each on his public life. He writes at once seriously and entertainingly. Bernard Asbell in *When F.D.R. Died* has fashioned a remarkably absorbing and informing account of a major event in modern history. Milton Lomask's *Andrew Johnson: President on Trial* is a lively study of one of the least studied of U. S. Presidents and of the dramatic crisis of his stormy Administration.

The Inaugural Addresses of the American Presidents, complete from George Washington to John F. Kennedy and carefully annotated by Davis Newton Lott, is a unique and valuable collection. Some of these addresses are major items of American literature—Washington's and Lincoln's, surely, and perhaps a few others. All are illuminating for their times and the personalities of the speakers. Mr. Lott's concise notes are admirable for their purpose, and he has found many interesting pictures to accompany them.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS

I believe we have in *The Rescuers* a real classic of animal fantasy—a book which belongs in the company of *The Wind in the Willows* and *Winnie the Pooh*: which for me is high praise indeed. This story of how three mice—Bernard and Nils and Miss Bianca—rescue a Norwegian poet from a dungeon in the Black Castle held my delighted interest from the first page to the last—and I am sure it will give equal joy to the young of heart of any age from 5 on up. I'd love to read it aloud to a right audience. The pictures by Garth Williams are wonderfully good and right. I'm late in reviewing this book, but your bookseller can still get it if he doesn't have it.

Daniel T. Churchmouse, by Helen Symonds, is another animal fantasy, full of humor and marked by real characterization, which I warmly recommend. *King of the Castle*, by Rutherford G. Montgomery, is a factual book in story form about one of the most interesting of small animals, the kangaroo rat. *Elves and Elfenfolk*, by Natalia M. Belting, is a truly fine collection of tales of the "little people" from a score of nations. I like it very much.

DO YOU LIKE DOGS?

If you like dogs, you can't afford to miss *Dogs in My Life*, by Louis L. Vine, D.V.M., with Ina Forbus. This is distinctly not a child's book; but for any adult who has a dog, wants a dog, or just likes dogs this book is a real treasure. Dr. Vine is a dedicated dog lover

and rejoices in his profession of "dog doctor." His book is chock-full of excellent stories drawn from his extensive and highly successful practice as a veterinarian: stories of people and the dogs who own them as well as the reverse. The personality that shines through this book is attractive; the practical information it contains is valuable; above all, it's fine entertainment.

Books reviewed, publishers, and prices: *Why Fish Bite*, James Westman (Prentice-Hall, \$3.95).—*Fresh-Water Fishing Complete*, Edward C. Jones (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$4.95).—*Gardening without Work*, Ruth Stout (Devon-Adair, \$3.95).—*Greenhouse Gardening*, James Underwood Crockett (Doubleday, \$4.95).—*Caribbean Seashells*, Germaine L. Warmke and R. Tucker Abbott (Livingston Publishing Co., Narberth, Pa., \$8.95).—*A Biography of the Sea*, Richard Carrington (Basic Books, \$5).—*Seven Miles Down*, Jacques Piccard and Robert S. Dietz (Putnam, \$5).—*The Herring Gull's World*, Niko Tinbergen (Basic Books, \$5).—*The Sea Around Us*, Rachel Carson (Oxford, \$5).—*The Milky Way Galaxy*, Ben Bova (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$5).—*Music of the Spheres*, Guy Murchie (Houghton, Mifflin, \$6.95).—*The Health of the Presidents*, Rudolph Marx, M.D. (Putnam, \$5.95).—*When F.D.R. Died*, Bernard Asbell (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$4).—*Andrew Johnson: President on Trial*, Milton Lomask (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$6).—*The Inaugural Addresses of the Presidents*, edited by Davis Newton Lott (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$8.95).—*The Rescuers*, Margery Sharp (Little, Brown, \$3.50).—*Daniel T. Churchmouse*, Helen Symonds (Eerdmans, \$2.50).—*King of the Castle*, Rutherford G. Montgomery (World Publishing Co., \$2.95).—*Elves and Elfenfolk*, Natalia M. Belting (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$3).—*Dogs in My Life*, Louis L. Vine, D.V.M. (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$4.50).

Rotarian Authors

Peer and Pageant (Linden Press, % Q. H. Waight, 18520 14th N.E., Seattle 55, Wash., \$4), by Quentin Waight, of Ballard Rotary Club of Seattle, Wash. Three plays.

Literature and Religion (Richard R. Smith Publisher, Rindge, N. H., \$2), by I. C. Keller, of California, Pa. Discussions designed to point out ways in which an intimate knowledge of great literature can deepen understanding of, and intensify interest in, religion.

These 80 Years (privately published), by Albert W. Atwood, of Washington, D. C. An autobiography. "A contribution to the story of the 20th Century."

Answer to Conformity (Bethany Press, Box 179, St. Louis 66, Mo., \$3.50), by Perry Epler Gresham, of Wheeling, W. Va. A series of 12 essays on individual responsibility and individual judgment.

The U.S.S. Oregon and the Battle of Santiago (% Joseph C. Gannon, 134 W. Ohio St., Marquette, Mich., \$3), by Joseph C. Gannon, of Marquette, Mich. A story of a sea encounter.

We Used What We Had (Colonial Press, Birmingham, Ala., \$2), by Harvey B. Searcy, M.D., of Birmingham, Ala. An autobiography of a small-town eye, ear, nose, and throat doctor.

And On the Eighth Day (Falcon Press, Philadelphia, Pa., \$3), by Richard Hadman and Fred Bair, Jr., the latter a member of the Rotary Club of Auburndale, Fla. A series of humorous essays and tableaux on planner and planning, "compiled hastily because it may already be too late."

Dark Grows the Night (Pageant Press, Inc., 101 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y., \$5), by Laurel O. Ringler, of Lawrence, Kans. A story of violence in Kansas and Missouri during the Civil War.

Letters from Uncle Gonky

YOUR Aunt Hortense has been after me to pour boiling lye water on that big anthill back of the house but I ain't going to do it. No sir.

Now, I'm no biologist, zoologist, or bug expert of any kind, but I've been watching that pile of ants on and off for a year and, you know, that anthill has a meaning for me—one of them symbolic things, maybe.

Near as I can make out, ants don't speak a bit but I get the idea they let each other know what's going on by using them little feelers on top of their heads.

I don't know how many ants is in that hill but everyone of them's working at something, mostly carrying chunks of stuff near as big as they are. Now anything the size of an ant ain't very big but to an ant it's quite a load. I imagine that all that stuff they carry into the hill is supposed to make that a better anthill to live in and each one is just carrying his share of the load. Sometimes when the load's too big, two or three of them other ants come over,



wiggle them feelers, and everybody pitches in to keep things moving.

Boy, ain't that what Rotary is all about?

And your Aunt Horty wants me to get rid of the ants. Some chance.

Uncle Gonky

Since I'm not the most successful man in the world, or even in Puckett's Peak, I don't have a formula for success but I can give you a formula for failure—which is: Try to please everybody.

Ponder on that for a minute, boy: Try to please everybody.

Used to be when we planned an affair for our Club, we'd try to do exactly

that: please everybody. And you know what happened. It was either too close or too far, too late or too early, too expensive or too low in cost to make it worth while, and there were always a few who didn't go, good, bad, or indifferent.

It took us a little while to realize that we should simply do the best we could and that we would have to let the implied spirit of Rotary overcome the differences in taste. After all, we didn't plan to have a dinner, dance, or whatever just to have a dinner, dance, or whatever.

Rather, we decided to create the opportunity to bring all of us Rotarians together socially, in a different atmosphere, to increase our understanding, knowledge of each other, and friendship to make it a better Club.

Boy, don't ever get discouraged about doing a thousand things unsuccessfully. There's something to be gained in that—at least you know a thousand things that won't work.

Uncle Gonky

I suppose every Club has them. They're known as "knife-and-forkers." Seems like the only reason they joined up was to eat lunch.

You know them by the things they don't do. Oh, they're friendly all right—great guys—but when it comes to a little productive effort, you can chalk up a fat goose egg.

The excuses are all right down the alley too—"I'm too busy," "I forgot," "I meant to but," and one brother curved me by saying, "I can't because I don't have a secretary."

Well, now, I figure I'm as busy as the next man, but I always managed to find a little time to give to Rotary duties because I wanted to. I wanted to be a part of the Club activity and there ain't no other way than by working at it. To be truthful, I never missed the time and I even managed to get a little fun out of it.

I always tell these fellers to take a good look at the Rotary lapel button. It's made up of spokes which connect the rim to the hub, the heart of the wheel.

Now, if one of them spokes ain't carrying its weight, that wheel's out of balance and can't go straight. And if most of the spokes decide to be too busy, forget, or mean to but don't do, the wheel won't rotate at all, will it?

Uncle Gonky

Son, that Rotary theme "Building Bridges of Friendship" has given me much food for thought.

When I was a young whipper-snapper, Pappy put it to me this way, "If you want a friend, build a bridge instead of a moat." Of course, I was at the age when Pappy's messages were not getting through to me—just figured he didn't know too much, you know. Now I know Pappy knew something after all.

But this building bridges is quite a proposition and it seems to me it has to start right with the individual before a big group activity can materialize.

Take a look at me. Everybody gets into a rut every now and then and at meetings I found myself at the same table surrounded by the same old faces. It was a deep and comfortable rut and it took a while to recognize it for what it was.

Now I make it a point to move around, particularly in the direction of



newer and younger members. I wanted to find out more about them, their businesses, their hobbies, and their families. So I built me a little bridge of friendship with conservation and interest and found it stimulating and productive.

When a visitor turned up, I used the same idea.

Soon I found that I had friends all over town, and, what's more important, all over the world.

It was a small but significant beginning and before long the Club itself entered into the spirit and our motto became "A stranger is a friend we've never met."

Oh, there are so many other things that can be done but it all has to have a simple beginning—with the man himself. Right, son?

Uncle Gonky

John A. Pope introduced "Uncle Gonky" (short for Algonquin J. Finstead) to fellow members of the Rotary Club of Arlington, Virginia, when he edited that Club's bulletin. Now the entertaining and thought-provoking letters appear in the bulletin of the Rotary Club of Alexandria, Virginia, of which Author Pope is now a member.



Watched by two youngsters, already visualizing a cool water-filled pool, members of the Rotary Club of Gisborne, New Zealand, spent some four hours one recent Saturday scraping and painting a swimming pool in a popular picnic area near their city.

The Clubs...in Action

News from Rotary's 11,000 Clubs in 123 lands.

A CONCERT FOR KAY

When the father of 18-year-old Kay Granger died a few weeks prior to her graduation from high school, Kay's hopes to realize a childhood dream dimmed. The dream: to get professional voice training for a career as a singer. Word of the girl's cir-



While Major Cecil Hodgson, of the Salvation Army, writes down the vital data, fellow Akron, Ohio, Rotarian Dr. Theodore Gerlinger examines one of the youngsters who attended last year's Salvation Army Camp Fort Herrick. Dr. Gerlinger has rendered this service without charge for several years. Akron Rotarians help to support the camp, which draws some 100 boys and girls every Summer.

cumstances spread fast in her home town of Washington, Ind., where she was well known for her remarkable voice. Fast, too, was the response of the community when Washington Rotarians decided to sponsor a fund-raising concert, featuring Kay, to boost the "Kay Granger Educational Trust Fund" which had already been organized by interested citizens. The Rotary Club moved into high gear: tickets were printed, publicity campaigns were organized in neighboring towns, a Rotarian offered the facilities of his theater in the town, and Rotarians' wives volunteered as ushers. On concert night the 930-seat theater was filled to overflowing, while Kay captivated the audience with her mezzo-soprano voice. At evening's end, satisfied Rotarians found the results exceeding their own expectations: \$1,232 had been collected, further securing Kay's enrollment at Indiana State Teachers College.

GETTING READY FOR JOBS

When a number of students from other nations, while attending a "Rotary Foreign Student Weekend" in District 625 several years ago, observed that practical work in their fields of interest following their academic studies would be an important facet of their stay in the U.S.A., Rotarians in Janesville, Wis., set out to see what could be done about it. Their plans took shape with the incorporation in 1956 of the Industrial Education for Foreign Students, a nonprofit organization to help students from abroad find practical training after graduation. But



Thanks to the initiative of Watertown, N. Y., Rotarians, some 40 physically handicapped children had a taste of outdoor life last Summer. The project has become an annual venture. Physiotherapists and nurses donate their time and services to ensure a qualified camp staff.

there were unforeseen complications, a major one being Federal regulations which prohibited employment of foreign students. Letters were exchanged with various Government departments in Washington, D. C., and last December the Department of State announced that students could remain in the U.S.A. for a period of 18 months following graduation. In coöperation with the Department of Labor, the Janesville organization (its board is all-Rotarian, but committees now include non-Rotarians as well) was listed in the more than 1,800 U. S. Employment Service offices, and the Department of Commerce made information about the nonprofit corporation available in its 40 field offices. As an example of the organization's work, A. Roger Hook, its executive director and a member of the Rotary Club of Janesville, reported how a student from São Paulo, Brazil, addressing the Club at a meeting, was offered employment by a large pen company whose representatives at the meeting had been impressed with his presentation. The young man may return home as a company employee.

WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN DOING IN . . .

Azusa, Calif.: Past Presidents of the Rotary Club of Azusa, Calif., were honored when the 1960-61 President presented their accomplishments and a few biographical notes in the form of a report to the Club. Climaxing the program was the presentation of a miniature "Rotary bell" to each Past President, with an appropriate inscription.

Mount Vernon, Ohio: Feeling that their fellow citizens should have access to a complete record of the activities of the Rotary Club of Mount Vernon, Ohio, Club members presented the public library a bound volume of Club bulletins.

Charlotte, N. C.: When the white dogwood blooms,

or when the sugar maples turn ablaze with Autumn's colors, citizens of Charlotte, N. C., are reminded of the city's Rotary Club. Its members presented some 250 trees of each variety to the Park Commission, and the project will be continued on an annual basis. The total of trees donated may reach as much as 1,000 a year.

South India: Undaunted by the distances involved (some 2,000 miles in all), some 20 Rotarians and their wives from District 320 in South India travelled north to cement goodwill relations with Clubs there, including some in Kashmir and Pakistan. The tour lasted about a month.

Albany, Ga.—Kimberley, Union of South Africa: Two Club-bulletin editors, one in Albany, Ga., and the other in Kimberley, Union of South Africa, established a lasting "bridge of friendship" three years ago which has produced valuable "fringe benefits" for their Clubs. Not only did they report on their exchange to their own Club, but they also sent each other a complete program in sight and sound, describing their respective cities. The narrated series of slides were shown in each Club.

Coffeyville, Kans.: Thanks to a touch-control telephone donated by Coffeyville, Kans., Rotarians, a disabled rheumatoid-arthritis victim is able to conduct a magazine-subscription business.

Mirpurkhas, Pakistan: Sponsoring a festival of folk music and dances, Rotarians of Mirpurkhas, Pakistan, raised funds for East Pakistan's needy and for The Rotary Foundation.

Amravati, India: Members of the Rotary Club of Amravati, India, recently submitted to tests to determine their blood groups. A list of names and blood groups was then sent to local hospitals. Not long after that came a call: a member was asked to donate blood for a critically ill patient. Her life was saved.

Warrnambool, Australia: Some 1,200 teen-age students not long ago travelled from neighboring rural areas to Melbourne, Australia, where they were met by members of the Rotary Club of Warrnambool.



Two heifers are given to outstanding members of Future Farmers of America by Waxahachie, Tex., Rotarians. They are the offspring of two animals donated by the Rotarians to earlier recipients of the award, as part of a "self-perpetuating" beef-breeding program.



Learning that the daughter of one of their fellow members was to be in England, Bristol, Conn., Rotarians sent with her a product of their community: a decorator clock. Here Sally Barnes presents it to the 1960-61 President of the Rotary Club of Bristol, England, A. Percy Boulton.

The students were taken to local businesses, colleges, research stations, and hospitals to get firsthand knowledge of the operations which will be helpful in the choice of a career. The project was launched when Warrnambool Rotarians found that most students planned to move to the city following their graduation.

SPLASH PARTY

Once a month, on a Saturday night, happy shrieks echo through the YMCA-YWCA swimming pool in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. It's a "splash party" night, a project of Cuyahoga Falls Rotarians in cooperation with the local "Y." The scheme is an extension of the Club's long-standing interest in the well-being of crippled children. After Club members transport the youngsters to the pool, teen-age instructors take over, each child having his or her own helper. Paddling and riding surfboards around the large pool, the children, according to a Club spokesman, "have a whale of a lot of fun."

'W2KKY CALLING . . .'

To many around the world, the call letters W2KKY stand for a friend, unseen but often heard. To young people from other lands studying in or near Nunda, N. Y., the letters mean a link with their far-away homes. W2KKY is an amateur radio station manned by Clarence Martin, a member of the Rotary Club of Nunda. Over the years, he has made contacts with other "ham" radio operators in more than 200 countries. Thanks to a self-built "phone-patch" which can connect a telephone to the transmitter, Rotarian Martin has been rendering a unique service to students from other nations in the area enabling them to talk to their folks back home. Keeping a regular weekly schedule, he invites students to his home, where they wait anxiously while the connection is

established. Recently a young man from Panama, Humberto De Goldoni, dropped in for a hook-up and talked home for more than half an hour.

MAKING A DIFFERENCE

A small Rotary Club can make a big difference in the community which it serves. Witness the performance of 25 Rotarians in Cato, N. Y. After having been without the services of a local dentist for more than two years, the community now has one, thanks to a Committee of Cato Rotarians. They first studied the situation, reported back to the Club, then with its approval succeeded in interesting a young dentist in establishing a practice in Cato. . . . When the local school system is on the lookout for educators, board of education members reach for a booklet (printed and distributed by Cato Rotarians) describing the community in an attractive manner, and send it to prospects.

BUSY PLACES IN THE ROTARY WORLD

Newspapers and television reporters arriving at the Williamsport-Lycoming County Airport in Pennsylvania to cover the 1960 Little League World Series Week in Williamsport (the birthplace of Little League baseball) found an information booth to aid them in making reservations and getting their bearings. The booth was set up and manned by Rotarians of Montoursville. . . . Sponsoring a "Courtesy Week" in cooperation with two local weekly newspapers, the Burnaby-Hastings Rotary Club of



This little tyke's dime was a big one, for it helped to build the block of dimes sponsored by Rotarians of Worland, Wyo. They were to be used to support the attack against crippling birth defects, arthritis, and polio.

Vancouver, B. C., Canada, awarded prizes to three retail business clerks who had been voted "most courteous" by local citizens. . . . Rotarians traveling in the Lake Charles, La., region have ample opportunity to "make up" Rotary meetings. Signs posted at strategic spots along highways into the city inform tourists of the existence of five Rotary Clubs in a radius of not more than 12 miles: Lake Charles, Lake Charles East, South Lake Charles, West Lake, and Sulphur. The sign-post project was a mutual activity of all five Clubs.

Rotarians in Peace River, Alta., Canada, turned an unsightly section on a river bank of their town into a lush, green park with flowers and shrubbery, picnic benches, barbecue grates, and benches at the river's edge. . . . The "Kate Cocks Babies' Home" in Glenelg, Australia, has received a welcome gift from local Rotarians: a "cold room" where various perishable goods can be stocked and stored. . . . Taking a deep interest in its community's recreational facilities, the Rotary Club of Richmond, Va., financed the construction of a \$32,000 pre-engineered steel gymnasium building, which now offers opportunities for indoor sports. . . . For "ol' time's sake," members of the Rotary Club of Somerset, Pa., played an old tape recording at a recent meeting featuring the voices of 20 members, among whom were several charter members. Place mats at the meeting showed the portrait of the Club Secretary and bulletin editor, as a tribute to his long years of service.

FIESTA AT 4,000 FEET

Roast beef and a pine-scented night breeze were top ingredients of the most recent "Fellowship Fiesta" atop Pinyon Crest in Coachella Valley, Calif. Three hundred Rotarians and their wives and guests from five neighboring Clubs participated in the event, organized annually by the Rotary Club of Palm Desert. With a dazzling view of the desert floor some 4,000 feet below, the guests engaged in easy camaraderie and enjoyed special entertainment engaged for the evening.

PICK, PACK, AND SHIP

Come the citrus-fruit season in Australia, and Rotarians in Tully move into full swing armed with ladders and crates. Travelling to farms in the area, whose owners have offered their surplus crops of oranges, mandarins, lemons, and grapefruit, Rotarians pick, pack, and ship crate after crate (the wooden cases are donated by a Rotarian, too) to crippled-children homes, hospitals, and orphanages—some, 900 miles away. With the coöperation of the Department of Health and Home Affairs and the State Railway Department (which ships the fruit without charge), the project in the past six years has averaged some 350 cases a season, valued at more than \$1,100. Sparking the enthusiasm of others, Tully Rotarians were approached by cane farmers offering land for sowing with watermelons for a future harvest. In addition to citrus-fruit ship-

EVANSTON BEGINS A FRIENDSHIP GARDEN

A NEW TREE is growing in Evanston, Illinois. To local Rotarians it will always be known as the "Canadian tree"—the one that marked the start of a \$12,000 tree-planting project in their "Rotary Friendship Garden." Seeking a meaningful way to express its friendship for Rotary Clubs throughout the world, the Rotary Club of Evanston resolved to give to its city a garden-park which ultimately will contain some 120 trees—one for every country in which Rotarians are working to further international goodwill and understanding. From time to time the trees will be planted with appropriate ceremonies.

The "Rotary Friendship Garden" is located within the Ladd Memorial Arboretum, named for the late Edward R. Ladd, publisher, community leader, and charter member of the Rotary Club of Evanston. For the dedication of the first tree, 49 members of the Rotary Clubs of Guelph, Acton, Brampton, Cooksville, Kitchener, Orangeville, and Streetsville, Ontario, flew to Evanston. (Special attention was given to the fact that the Rotary Club of Evanston and the Rotary Club of Guelph were jointly observing their 41st anniversary.)

Speaking at the dedication ceremony, Charles F. Wilson, Canadian Consul General in Chicago, said: "I am especially happy to bring you the salute of one free people to another. This ceremony bears witness to the quality of our friendship and neighborliness. In the intangibles of our relations, we need the tree you have planted today. We need a forest of such trees."

Evanston Rotarians have made a beginning.



Welcomed by Evanston Rotarians, the delegation from Canada arrives for tree-dedication ceremonies.



"Here's the Garden plan," says Kenneth Reeling, of Evanston, then District Governor, as 1960-61 District Governor J. Archie Turner, of Cooksville, Ont. (left), and Canadian Consul C. F. Wilson take note.



The two truckloads of citrus fruits, picked by members of the Rotary Club of Tully, Australia, represent much work and care and good fellowship as well. Fruits are for orphanages and hospitals and other institutions as far as 900 miles away (also see item).

ments, Rotarians in a recent year shipped some five tons of watermelons and 50 crates of bananas. Other Rotary Clubs in Australia, hearing of the project, made inquiries, and in one case the Tully Club sent 100 coconuts to another Club for planting as part of a beautification project.

Mango trees in Bowen, Australia, stood bare after Rotarians picked and packed 110 cases of the juicy fruit for underprivileged children in the Brisbane area. The cases were shipped free (courtesy the government of Queensland), and members of the Rotary Club of Fortitude Valley helped distribute them to children homes.

TWO GOLDEN ANNIVERSARIES

Rotarians in Omaha, Nebr., are looking forward to observing the 50th anniversary of their Club. The actual date of the Club's organization is August 4, but in view of the absence of members on vacation, the celebration will be held in the Fall. . . . On August 14 it will be 50 years since the Rotary Club of Belfast, Northern Ireland, was organized. Also faced with problem of holidays, members will hold a special luncheon meeting on that day, but the formal celebration will be in the form of a banquet September 28. The Club is publishing a history of its 50 years, and the event will further be marked by the donation of a sizable cash gift to The Abbeyfield Belfast Society Limited, an organization which provides housing for the elderly.

WELCOME TO 37 NEW CLUBS

Since last month's listing of new Clubs in this department, Rotary has entered 37 more communities in many parts of the world. Bimonthly lists sent to your Club Secretary include the names and addresses of the President and Secretary of each new Club listed below. The new Clubs (with their sponsors in parentheses) are ARGENTINA: Urdinarrain (Guauguaychú); Bowen (General Alvear). AUSTRALIA: East Maitland (Maitland); Lismore West (Lismore). CANADA: Thompson, Man. (The Pas); Nutana [Saskatoon], Sask. (Saskatoon); Streetsville, Ont. (Cooksville-Dixie). CEYLON: Point Pedro (Jaffna).

ENGLAND: Gainsborough. INDIA: Valliyoor (Nagercoil); Mettupalayam (Nilgiris and Coimbatore); Mokameh (Patna); Jhansi (Kanpur); Unnao (Kanpur). ITALY: Caltagirone (Catania); Chianciano-Chiusi-Montepulciano (Siena); Cittadella (Padova); Tivoli (Roma Est). JAPAN: Yoichi (Otaru and Otaru South); Hanawa (Odate); Kakuda (Sendai South and Sendai); Bungo-Takada (Nakatsu); Kashiwa (Matsudo); Nachikatsuura (Shingu); Yanai (Iwakuni); Tokyo Oji (Tokyo North); Kobayashi (Miyakonojo); Minakuchi (Otsu); Furano (Asahigawa); Yokaichi (Otsu); Miyoshi (Hiroshima). FEDERATION OF MALAYA: Kuala Trengganu (Kota Bharu). MALI REPUBLIC: Bamako. NEW GUINEA: Rabaul. NIGERIA: Lagos. SWEDEN: Bjuv (Astorp). U.S.A.: Marathon, Fla. (Key West).

PRIME MINISTER FOR AN HOUR

Inspired by a forthcoming Prime Minister's Commonwealth Conference, members of the Rotary Club of Englehart, Ont., Canada, decided to stage one themselves as a variation on the "Into Their Shoes" conferences held by an increasing number of Rotary Clubs around the world. Every member was designated as a Commonwealth Prime Minister; then, running out of Premiers, the remaining members played the rôles of other world leaders. The program was opened as a regular Prime Minister's Conference, and all were required to state their views on a chosen political issue for general discussion.



When it's Camellia Festival time in Temple City, Calif., it's action time for members of the local Rotary Club. They help organize the parade (4,500 participants last year), man the numerous rides and some booths, and offer facilities. The celebrations place emphasis on youth.

These Rotarians...

Their honors, records, unusual activities

LINK Forged. There were drum majorettes, a marching band, decorated shop windows, American and Australian flags; there were a motorcycle escort and an official welcome—all occasioned by the arrival in Bega, Australia, of Rotarian and Mrs. Houston Waring, of Littleton, Colo. The reception was the result of a visit of Bega Rotarian W. B. Annabel to the Waring home a year before. Both being small-town newspaper editors, Rotarians Annabel and Waring found much in common. Upon his return to Bega, Rotarian Annabel enlisted the aid of fellow citizens to invite the Warings in keeping with the idea of the People-to-People Exchange program through which Littleton and Bega adopted each other as sister towns. High light of the Warings' visit was a special meeting called by the Rotary Club of Bega in conjunction with other local service clubs to honor the American guests. Adding to the occasion, no doubt, was the date of the gathering: February 23, Rotary's birthday anniversary.

Marriage Manor. Rotary's fourth avenue of service offers many opportunities to men who would further world understanding and goodwill, but not many are likely to go about it in the way Rotarian and Mrs. Rushton E. Shaw, of Burien-White Center, Wash., recently did. Having been frequent

hosts to young people from abroad studying in near-by Seattle, the Shaws received an urgent phone call from an Iranian civil-engineering student one recent morning. "I'm going to be married," he announced. "My fiancée arrives tomorrow from Teheran." To shorten the story a bit, it can be said that an invitation was given to hold the wedding at the Shaw home. Calling on the wives of other Rotarians for assistance, Mrs. Shaw made necessary preparations in the way of food and facilities. Two days later the house was ready for the festive occasion. Officiating at the ceremony was another Rotarian, the Reverend Dr. C. E. Rasmussen. Among the wedding guests, besides fellow classmates of the groom, were a number of Burien-White Center Rotarians and their ladies.

Farmer-Lawmaker. When the chairman of the Agriculture Committee of the Wisconsin Assembly speaks, he knows what he is talking about. He is Rotarian William R. Merriam, of Janesville, Wis., who besides being a State Assemblyman also finds time to operate a 160-acre cattle-feeding operation. He calculates that running his cattle farm (some 115 to 150 head) does not take more than 25 percent of his time, thanks to a unique \$25,000 push-button feeding operation, covering 12,000 feet of floor space,



Dressed as a chettiar (a money lender in Singapore) William D. J. Vincent, member of the Rotary Club of Singapore, recently was acclaimed winner in a "Rotary Fellowship Competition."

which enables him to feed the animals in 12 minutes by just pressing a button. Rotarian Merriam did most of the work on the construction himself. A recent do-it-yourself project was the addition of a room to his house where he keeps the trophies of his hunting trips in Canada and Alaska. A favorite trophy is the head of a Dall ram he shot in Alaska after a hard hunt.

Add: Congressmen. To the list of Rotarians in the Congress of the United States of America (THE ROTARIAN for May), add J. Caleb Boggs, honorary member of the Rotary Club of Brandywine, Del., to the roll of Senators; and Arch A. Moore, Jr., active member of the Rotary Club of Moundsville, W. Va., and Henry C. Schadeberg, past service member of the Rotary Club of Burlington, Wis., to the roll of Representatives in the House.

No-Note Noted. Rotarians "making up" at the Rotary Club of Pomona, Calif., return home with an experience they don't soon forget. It's the work of the Club's Fellowship Committee. Upon entering the meeting place each visitor is met by Dr. Ivan Smith, Chairman of the Committee, who signs him in, recording his name, classification,



Serving as the general officers of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland for 1961-62 are (from left to right) President H. J. Bennett, of Wrexham, Wales (senior active); Vice-President T. Graham Mellor, of Swinton and Pendlebury, England (senior active); Immediate Past President J. C. Pride, of Bath, England (insurance-casualty); Treasurer Festus Moffat, of Falkirk, Scotland (business promotion).

home Club, and other relevant and interesting information. Comes the time for introductions, Dr. Smith walks to the speaker's lectern (see photo) and, without blinking an eye, reels off the list of visiting Rotarians' names from memory, complete with all other data, identifying the visitors where they are seated. Does Dr. Smith have a special gift of memory? Not at all. As a matter of fact, this is the way Pomona Rotarians have been introducing their guests for 20 years. Putting on a special "show" recently, Dr. Smith was blindfolded and succeeded in introducing some 20 guests without a fumble. The procedure began in 1941, and the Club has had five Fellowship Committee Chairmen since who all mastered



While rising smoke gives a mystic quality to the events at hand, Dr. Ivan Smith introduces the day's visitors at a Pomona, Calif., meeting (see item).

the method. The record is still held by the first "memory wizard," Dr. Melvin E. Ralston, who once introduced 65 visitors without using notes.

Home-Run Hitters. When Rotarian and Mrs. Grant Magill, of Sunland-Tujunga, Calif., motored to Mexico recently, they took with them an unusual item: 12 baseballs and 12 bats. The equipment represented a "goodwill through baseball" gesture on behalf of District 526 (part of California). Visiting eight Rotary Clubs in Mexico, the Magills left a ball and a bat with each Club. In Mexico City they presented a set to A. Unda Manterola, considered the "Father of Youth Baseball" in Mexico, and president of four different boys' leagues involving more than 5,000 Mexican

youngsters. Travelling with bats and balls is nothing new to the Magills. Last Summer they took enough equipment—balls, bats, gloves, and uniforms—to outfit three baseball teams in Ensanada, Mexico, where an umpire of the U. S. Sunset League was organizing boys' leagues.

Goodwill in Action. "To assist boys and girls who, through some misfortune, are deprived of normal home life and educational advantages" is the aim of the Good Will Home Association, founded 72 years ago in Maine by George W. Hinckley, a clergyman who later became a long-time Rotarian. Today the institution, known as The Hinckley School, is a community by itself (the address is Hinckley, Me., though its territory lies in Fairfield and Clinton), with 17 homes, each built to accommodate a "family" of 15. The president today is Waterville Rotarian Dr. Kenneth Lloyd Garrison, the fourth administrator of the School. Following the retirement of the founder, his son W. P. Hinckley succeeded him. Dr. Garrison's immediate predecessor was the Reverend James R. Thomson.

George W. Hinckley died in 1950 at the age of 97, after seeing his most cherished dreams come true. The idea for the home came in 1867 when one of George's schoolmates, a small boy and the only son of a widowed mother, was sentenced to the State reform school for stealing food from a workingman's dinner pail. The boy was not vicious but hungry; he had gone dinnerless for three days. Then and there George Hinckley resolved that someday he would do something for boys like this one. He would build houses where children who were friendless could go and be fed and cared for and educated. The idea stayed with him as he grew up and after he became a Baptist minister assigned to Sunday-school work in Maine. A donation of 46 cents from a Sunday-school class of young boys finally started him on the way. Other gifts came in as the young minister told others of his dream. Finally, in 1889, he took the pooled funds and purchased a farm near Waterville, Me., and placed three boys in the farmhouse. Other

buildings were added year by year, together with a school building and a chapel. Today The Hinckley School has over 40 fine buildings, 3,000 acres of land, and more than 4,000 alumni who owe their start in life to the late Reverend Mr. Hinckley. "He was," says Rotarian Harry W. Kimball, of Needham, Mass. a fellow clergyman and old friend, "the most remarkable man I ever knew."

Goodwill Bear-er. Making an ocean voyage in the company of a honey bear is an assignment not to be taken lightly, or without proper caution. One who knows is F. R. Nicholson, a member of the Rotary Club of Sandakan, North Borneo. Both man and bear (see photo)



Liza, a honey bear from North Borneo, folds his paws on Rotarian F. R. Nicholson's arm in an apparent gesture of affection. Both bear and man sailed recently for Australia on a goodwill mission (also see item).

were recent goodwill ambassadors from North Borneo to Australia—Rotarian Nicholson making a lecture tour on behalf of his Rotary Club, the bear (Liza, by name) going as a gift of the North Borneo Government to the Taronga Park Zoo in Australia. Inasmuch as Rotarian Nicholson, Chairman of his Club's International Service Committee, was to go to Australia in connection with the Club's "Know Your Neighbor" project—the project comprising an extensive lecture on North Borneo, illustrated with some 1,500 feet of film—he agreed to take charge of Liza during the voyage. The "neighbors from the

north," as Australian newspapers called them, won wide publicity in press and television. Liza behaved well—she and Rotarian Nicholson having become friendly during their period of "indoctrination" before leaving North Borneo. The whole relationship developed all because Liza had been in the keeping of Rotarian Nicholson's next-door neighbor, Rotarian James Mayhook.

Presidents on Film. If the American War between the States had Matthew Brady to record its momentous battles with his camera,



Tucker

the Rotary Club of Covina, Calif., has its Clarence W. Tucker, the longest-practicing photographer in southern California, to provide another type of record. Since 1923, when the Club was organized, Rotarian Tucker has had every President of the Club before the lenses of his camera, thus providing a photographic record of the men who have led Covina Rotarians through the years. The photographs (not mere pictures, but portrait studies) are displayed at every Club meeting. Retired in 1956, Rotarian Tucker can look back upon a colorful career, which included horse-and-wagon photographic treks through California, meeting prominent men and women from San Diego to Santa Barbara who came to pose for him, and a photograph accepted for exhibition in Paris in 1925.

Fine for Thanks. Cloncurry, Australia, is a town which has several claims to fame (all duly recorded on its Rotary Club banner), among them the highest shade temperature ever registered in the country—127.5 degrees Fahrenheit. Center of vast sheep- and cattle-raising, treeless plains, Cloncurry is near rich mineral deposits. Another record was chalked up recently when half its annual rainfall dropped on the town in one month, resulting in severe flooding. That, in turn, led to a record of "ingratitude": Cloncurry Rotarian Alec Lamberton, associated with the

Queensland Ambulance Transport Board, after returning from a 40-hour struggle with floods and muddy roads to bring in an urgent maternity case from an outlying area, was fined by his Club for doing 40 hours' work in two days.

Return. For many years Dr. Joseph Mancuso, of Meadville, Pa., has attended the children of the Bethesda Lutheran Home for Children in Meadville. Recently, in his rôle as Program Chairman of the Rotary Club, he asked the Home's superintendent to talk to the Club about the Home. But he didn't expect the superintendent to reveal, as he did, that Dr. Mancuso, a Roman Catholic, was "the best Lutheran supporter around," because he would never accept a check for his medical services. And he told how pleased Home officials were when Dr. Mancuso finally accepted a small Christmas check—only to discover later that the doctor had ordered five gallons of ice cream to be delivered to the Home once a month until the money was used up!

Rotarian Honors. The \$1,000 Alfred I. duPont Award for outstanding community service, a coveted distinction in the radio-broadcasting field, was recently presented to Daniel W. Kops, of New Haven, Conn., for a radio series titled *Our Restless World*, based on documentaries he produced following a trip, with tape recorder, to the Far East.

... Appointed a delegate by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the American Trucking Associations to the International Labor Organization which met recently in Geneva, Switzerland, was J. Robert Wilson, of Akron, Ohio. ... Groups in New Castle, Pa., recently honored two Rotarians: Senior Major William L. DeSelms, of the



Wilson

Salvation Army, received the Distinguished Service Certificate from an American Legion post, and Sidney L. Lockley was awarded the Distinguished Citizens Award by the New Castle Optimist Club. ... The Denver, Colo., Federal Business Association named Harold R. Smethills, of Lakewood, Colo., a Past District Governor of Rotary International, "Federal Administrator of the Year." ... Honoring their Club-bulletin editor for 40 years of uninterrupted service, Milton, Pa., Rotarians presented fellow member Fred G. Hastings with an inscribed wrist watch. ... Cape Girardeau, Mo., Rotarians recently observed "Art Magill Day" in recognition of 41 years of service to the Club and the community of their fellow member Dr. A. C. Magill, a Past District Governor of Rotary International.

Boy Scouting's highest honor, the Silver Beaver Award, recently



On a wall of a junior high school named for him in San Antonio, Tex., Highlands (San Antonio) Rotarians have placed below his portrait a plaque in memory of the late Harry H. Rogers, President of Rotary International in 1926-27. On hand at the presentation are his niece, Mrs. Lucien Morrison, and 1960-61 Club President R. F. Buck.

went to Francis R. Bridges, of Tallahassee, Fla., a Past District Governor of Rotary International, and to Ross Stewart, of Houston, Tex. . . . Mission, Tex., citizens recently celebrated "Marvin Goodman Day" in honor of 89-year-old Rotarian Goodman, one of the world's largest producers of citrus fruit, and his Rotary Club paid special tribute to him at a Club meeting. . . . Brady, Tex., Rotarians recently presented an award to Dr. Jack Ragsdale, who has conducted their Club singing for 34 years. On his service record as a song leader are also four Rotary District Conferences and several West Texas Chamber of Commerce conventions.

Double Celebration. After celebrating the birthday of long-time Club member Guy A. Wolfe at their regular weekly meeting, Roodhouse, Ill., Rotarians had another appointment to honor the same man, but in a different way. Together with their wives they went



In Roodhouse, Ill., Rotarians celebrated the birthday and golden wedding anniversary of an esteemed Roodhouse Rotarian: Guy A. Wolfe, shown pictured here with Mrs. Wolfe (see item).

to the Wolfe home for a second celebration: that of the Wolfes' golden wedding anniversary (see photo). The Club President presented an appropriate gift on behalf of his fellows. In honor of his father's birthday, William H. Wolfe, also a Roodhouse Rotarian, presented his Club with a set of flags. Guy Wolfe has never missed a meeting since he joined the Rotary Club of Roodhouse in 1929.

Down to the Sea. Edwin A. Ulrich was a youngster of 10 when he first fell in love with the paintings of the late Frederick J. Waugh, one of his country's foremost seascape artists. Awed by the power of Waugh's six-by-eight-foot canvas *Evening on the Coast of Maine*, young Edwin vowed then that if he ever bought a painting, this would be it. Five years ago the dream came true. He acquired the painting from the small museum in Montclair, N. J., where he first saw it, and now the oil painting is a treasured addition to his collection of 150 Waugh paintings—the largest such collection anywhere. Rotarian Ulrich, who serves as Governor of Rotary District 721 this year, began to collect Waugh's works 15 years ago. Since his retirement in 1955, he has been busy managing his collection, lending it free of charge to museums and galleries for special exhibitions. In the spacious living room of his fieldstone and clapboard home overlooking the Hudson River in Hyde Park, N. Y., "E. A." displays his favorite's works, including the much-reproduced *Pounding Surf*, which Waugh painted in 1938 at the age of 78. District Governor Ulrich is now preparing an illustrated program on the life of the artist, and has plans to convert the barn on his ten-acre property to a permanent museum for his collection. These activities, plus his time-consuming task as guide and counsellor to 36 Rotary Clubs during the next 11 months, all add up to the fact that "E. A." in his "retirement" will have few idle hours in the foreseeable future.

Honored Don. Willard H. Garrett, of Baldwin, Kans., began his career of college teaching in 1898 at Illinois College, switched to Baker University in 1903, and retired in 1950 as professor emeritus of mathematics and astronomy. He's 87. To show their appreciation of Rotarian Garrett, some 175 of his former students and other friends have contributed to the Willard Hayes Garrett Scholarship Fund. Each year the Fund provides the outstanding junior of Baker University with a grant of \$500 toward his tuition for the senior year.



A Halloween "treat" for the needy children of the world: a million-dollar check presented to UNICEF Director Maurice Pate by Gretchen Stumpf, 10, daughter of Rotarian Hans W. Stumpf, of Somerset, Pa. Gretchen, accompanied by Bruce Braithwaite, 6, and Vicki Schonfeld, 10, represented 2½ million U. S. children who collected \$1,750,000 in last year's Halloween "trick or treat" fund campaign for the United Nations Children's Fund. The children's crusade will be repeated next October.

Mouth Protector. When, in 1962, high-school football players across the U.S.A. under the jurisdiction of



Schoen

the National Alliance Football Rules Committee begin wearing mouth protectors (like those used by boxers), a Baldwin, N. Y., Rotarian dentist can chalk up a major achievement. Gerhard H. Schoen, recently named president of the Nassau County Dental Society, in 1955 started an experiment by outfitting the local high-school football team with mouth protectors, after making a separate cast of the mouth of each player. Mouth injuries among Baldwin players were compared with those of members of four teams not using the protectors. "We found that 11 percent of the boys who didn't have the protectors were injured, while there wasn't an injury among Baldwin players," reported Dr. Schoen. When his findings were substantiated by dental authorities, the National Alliance Football Rules Committee adopted the ruling that made the use of the mouth protectors mandatory. Dr. Schoen is a charter member of the Rotary Club of Baldwin and the supervising dentist of local schools.

The Duck That Will Live Forever

[Continued from page 37]

perspiration, he barely noticed people now crowding into the shanty; a late news flash had alerted the city of the duck drama. Crowding photographers began shooting off flash bulbs. At last Hautz peeled off the final bit of shell; the membrane and life sac were still intact. The duckling seemed dead, but very gently Hautz fluffed up the tiny feathers, sifted them four times with corn-meal flour to dry them, and then placed the duckling inside his hat, which he had filled with the absorbent cotton. This he set on a chair propped up near the open stove door. Soon the duckling began to move, ever more vigorously, and before long it could be put in the cardboard box with the other four. "So we've still got five of them!" Hautz exulted. He began feeding them carefully, dipping their beaks in crumbled-up egg yolk, then in milk, until they got the hang of it themselves.

Until about 3 A.M. he was so busy with the ducklings that he could not think about Gertie. But now, with them safe, he worried about her. He wanted Gertie badly. Taking a long-handled net, he climbed into the rowboat, with the bridge tenders at the oars, and they began hunting for Gertie. Hautz was fairly sure she would not be too far away yet, and once again he was right. He spotted her huddling on the stringers of some pilings, about half a block from the bridge. He made a pass with the net—and missed. Distraught, Gertie circled and swooped—and settled back in the river. Very gently, Hautz herded her downriver toward the mud patch. Habit guided her; she waddled ashore—under a net Hautz had rigged for just such a contingency. Soon Gertie was safe and reunited with her five ducklings in the warm shanty.

It was now about 5 A.M. Hautz and the others were exhausted, but he was still not satisfied. Gertie and her brood had to have a better home. He happened to look outside and his eyes fell on the big "Gertie Window" in Gimbel's store. Just the thing! It was near, and a great store could muster every conceivable resource. He dialed the store manager, far out in the suburbs. At 5 A.M. the manager was very sleepy and for a time had some trouble understanding Hautz' explanation of what had been happening. But the manager snapped wide awake when Hautz asked: "How would you like to have the *real* Gertie in your window, with all her family?"

"O.K.," he said. "What do you want me to do?"

Hautz listed what he wanted. "Fix that window so there's no possible draft. Then some clean sand on the floor, and

plenty of fresh, clean water. Then some infrared lamps for heating, and a humidifier, and a thermometer, and an attendant to make sure the temperature is always between 70 and 72 degrees. And it all has to be done not later than 9 o'clock this morning!"

"It'll be done," the manager said, hanging up—to begin mustering his workmen. Nor were the workmen very happy to be called at that hour; but when they learned what it was for, they leaped into action. By 6:30 the window was alive with plumbers, carpenters, electricians, tearing out the old display, putting in exactly what Hautz had ordered. By 9 A.M. Gertie and family were installed in their new home.

For hours the news of the dramatic rescue had been abroad in the city; and shortly after 9 o'clock, queues began forming to see Gertie and family. So great were the crowds that a wooden-plank barricade had to be erected to keep the plate-glass window from being broken.

But mallards are made for freedom. They were kept there three days, so that the ducklings could get stronger, and until the weather turned sunny. June 3 was almost a municipal holiday. Policemen and ropes were needed to control the large crowds that went to Juneau Park lagoon, on the outskirts of the city, to watch the ducks being freed. The five ducklings were released first, but huddled together on the grass, not knowing

what to do. Then Gertie was freed—and made an eager 15-foot flight straight toward the inviting lagoon, which was used by other ducks. Then she recollected she was a mother. She came back, put herself at the head of her family, and with great dignity led them into the water. They swam off briskly, followed by telephoto camera lenses, binoculars, and cheers.

In order that people could distinguish Gertie from the other ducks, Hautz had marked a large cross on her back with a harmless yellow paint. But Gertie didn't like the paint, and kept pecking at it, until at last the cross was gone. From then on, nobody could tell Gertie from any of the other ducks.

Where she eventually went, where her ducklings went, nobody can know. Probably off into the vast freedom of the skies, winging along the mysterious, unmarked aerial highways that migratory birds follow.

Could Gertie still be alive now? "Hardly possible," Larry Hautz says. "With a lot of luck, a mallard can live maybe 20 years. And she was about four years old back in 1945. Some of her ducklings might still be flying somewhere, but as for Gertie herself—well, she's a legend now, and legends never die."

To make certain, the city took steps to preserve the memory of her saga. It ordered that famous white-oak piling, with Gertie's empty nest, to be sawed off and displayed in the city museum. A long notice was printed on a card for the benefit of those who weren't around in 1945, explaining all about Gertie, the duck that will live forever.

Do Strikes Hurt the Economy?

Yes!—Maurice R. Franks

[Continued from page 18]

nothing of job advancement, through plant expansion and replenishment. A healthy steel industry was the surest guarantee of over-all employment, of lucrative investment, of health to the general economy. Steel management understood this and was moving to execute its public obligation.

The top negotiators of the steel workers' union, however, turned their backs on that picture. Following the thought patterns of modern union administration, they simply wanted more for less—and now—regardless of who got hurt in the general conflict of interests, regardless of penalties the entire economy would later have to endure. Disposed to fly in the face of economic law and upend common sense, they wanted no revision of work rules that were hampering industrial efficiency. They wanted

jobs no longer essential continued. Blind to industrial realities, they demanded that the benefits of automation accrue to labor to the extent of depriving the industry of the very competitive advantage its new technology was developing. Finally, the union negotiators also demanded more cash—a boost in hourly rates, more elaborate fringe benefits.

Such was their package demand, wrapped up in a strike threat.

The steel companies refused to yield on the work-rules issue, but their final offer did fall only 3 cents an hour short of meeting the union's monetary demand. No good! And, in the face of widespread public protest, down went all but a fraction of the nation's steel industry. And for 116 days America produced almost no steel. For 116 days steel workers, all but a handful, stayed home

or walked their dismal picket lines. For almost 17 weeks, deprived of wages, they were forced to reduce their living standard, were unable to meet their financial obligations, were saddled with interest charges on new loans or debt extensions. Few, if any, could plan ahead or save for the future.

To an equal extent, during those 17 weeks and after, dependent trade and commerce shrank, other workers worked short hours or not at all, the steel industry—and other enterprise—bathed in red ink, investors were deprived of adequate dividends, steel users were deprived of adequate supplies, the Government of accustomed revenue. Day by day for about four months, and long after the steel strike finally ended, the bacteria of economic decay ate more and more deeply into the vital organs of the nation's economy.

NO wonder a recession set in and soon was giving the labor leaders much to talk about! It was they more than anyone else who began shouting about "economic collapse." How badly our economy had been hurt could be judged from their public pronouncements alone.

Among the chief casualties was labor itself, whose primary loss was that of straight-time wages—\$1,700 in the case of the steel worker who had been taking home \$100 a week. Out of the 3 cents an hour he "gained" at the end of the strike his leaders hailed as a "victory," it will take him more than 27 years to even up his straight-time wage loss. And this assumes that he was immediately rehired and that out of the original 600,000 strikers he is not one of the 200,000 still not back on the job. It also assumes that he is presently working steadily, as many a steel worker is not, and that he won't be forced to go through another strike next time a contract is up for negotiation! Losses of overtime he might have enjoyed had not the strike devoured his job would probably equal the extent of his unemployment compensation, strike-relief, and welfare payments received, so that his basic deficit would still stand at \$1,700—and \$1,700 at compound interest would more than double itself in the course of 27 years. Multiply these individual losses by 600,000 and the over-all loss to steel labor alone—and the economy—must be reckoned in billions of dollars.

Additional costs of the steel strike—and of other long-term work stoppages such as the American economy has had to suffer during the past 15 years—likewise run into the billions.

The monetary loss of investors has been immense, as it has been to Federal tax collectors and to local communities committed to dispense public relief to strikers. Note here that public moneys must be recovered, either in the form of

increased levies or through further borrowing, with commensurate funding and disbursement charges attached. Also that Government dollars, being unproductive, are a direct drain on the economy and therefore inflict an injury that never can repair itself through productivity, as industry is expected to heal its hurts.

But immediate though the totals of such costs are, and gigantic though their combined impact is, one of the most grievous wounds a long and needless strike inflicts upon an economy such as America's is the very idleness it imposes. Physically, foreign competition

gains an advantage otherwise denied to it. For in the aggregate such strikes are inflationary, while labor costs abroad remain more or less constant. Psychologically, our economy suffers a setback. Unable to plan ahead to keep pace with requirement, local industry loses confidence and many a program for domestic expansion is trimmed or cancelled.

This lack of confidence infects all segments of our economy. In the case of the workers themselves, as installment-plan purchasers, the very fear of a further work stoppage produces hesitation to incur further financial obligation. The home and general construction indus-



Stretch Your Mind!

By DANIEL L. MARSH

Chancellor, Boston University; Rotarian, Boston, Mass.

AGOOD exercise for the mind is to require yourself, when you are out in the country, to note meticulously and consciously what you see: the varying tints of green across the landscape, the moving shadow of a cloud, the flash of a bird or the flutter of a butterfly, honeybees over flowers like sparks flying upward from a flame, cornstalks like marching armies waving their banners over the battlements of want, or shocks of corn like tattered wigwags across the field.

And then require yourself to note what you can hear: the whispering of the breeze in the tops of the trees, the drowsy drone of bees, the far barking of a dog, the calling of a bird to its mate. Or as James Whit-

comb Riley's Hoosier farmer would put it: see "*unwrit poetry by the acre*" and "hear nothin' but the silence."

And then require yourself to give attention to what you can smell: the smell of bruised grass, the varying odors that come from the leaves of different trees, the smell of fresh-plowed ground, or of rain in the dust of the road.

If we would be intelligent, we must pamper curiosity and cultivate the powers of observation, so that we shall go through life with the alertness of those few people born blind and then given sight who look upon everything with the attention and the enthusiasm of an astronomer seeing a new world swim into his ken.

tries, along with the automobile and appliance and furniture industries, have plenty to complain of on that score.

The same fear is reflected in the investment market, where the stocks of strike-threatened companies follow the ups and downs of speculation, as contrasted with steadily ascending curves of such issues as those of IBM and other strike-free firms, whose securities are most attractive to solid investors.

Confidence is the lifeblood of our economy, and confidence in the present is molded by future prospects. If over-all confidence in the American economy is less than it has been, it is because the specter of needless strikes haunts us all—the worker, his employer, our financial institutions, our very Federal Government. And lack of confidence hurts.

Indeed it speaks well for the dynamics of American business and industry that our economy has survived the recent strike-happy era with as much bounce as it has. But the hurts are nonetheless beginning to tell. Area after area is suffering from industrial blight; enterprise after enterprise in every category seeks merger as its sole hope for survival; hosts of small businesses falter and fail or move to a less strike-haunted environment. And up top, big industry is investing in foreign facilities, in search of cost security and usable productivity, factors it is unable to maintain at home.

And who, personally, is among the most seriously hurt by these circumstances? The worker, of course. Herded by union bosses into assaulting the goose that lays his golden eggs, he sees job after job washed out, seniorities of many years destroyed, prospects of alternate employment shrinking, his own plans for the future invaded by disillusionment. It is he who painfully hollers, "Ouch!" It is labor that, having come up from serfdom almost within one lifetime, knows better than most the answer raised here for discussion. Labor knows from personal experience that any strike that makes a free man out of a slave helps the economy, but that any strike that makes a slave out of a free man hurts it.

Another group is equally well aware of that truth—also from bitter personal experience.

These are the people who must live on fixed incomes—retirees and pensioners, who in good faith saved and invested money to see them through their final years in dignified independence. This is the forgotten group—ignored by the perpetrators of inflationary strikes in support of economically unrealistic demands. These are the people, many of them retired union members, whose purchasing power diminishes each time the cost of living goes up and who, to their woe, find their pensions and life savings inadequate to meet their needs.

As inflation continues to eat away their financial substance, more and more of them, as a matter of final human necessity, are compelled to seek the very public assistance they have done everything they could to avoid. They become a liability, instead of a continuing asset, to the economy. The hurt is then large and mutual.

If by stretching certain figures and bending certain considerations, the economists of organized labor can show something that at least looks like a net gain to workers as a result of inflationary strikes, such "gain" is offset by the net loss sustained by other equally deserving segments of our society. And robbing Peter to pay Paul is as economically hurtful as it is morally degrading.

The strikes that have hurt, not helped, the American economy are the product of union immaturity in search of premature rewards. The endeavor has been to seek by revolution what industrial

evolution was already delivering to labor. The leaders responsible for such untimely assaults seem to forget that they are no longer living in the past, that the employer is no longer Simon Legree, but a management group only too keenly aware that, in order to sell their production, they must provide the nation's labor force with wages enough to make them likely customers. Seriously overlooked is the fact that American industrial management consistently gears its production to popular, not selective, demand and to make the wheels go around must be able to price it accordingly. The American employer, at least, knows the A B C's of Industrial Age economics.

But we are not living in the past but in the present—and for the future. And in order not to hurt our economy further, every union leader must decide that the mistakes of the past should be credited to experience and belong to history.

Do Strikes Hurt the Economy?

No!—*Sidney Lens*

[Continued from page 19]

strikes that cost the country any permanent loss in production. Capable statisticians for management always make it seem that way, but it is not so. For instance, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States claims that the 1959 steel strike "cost" each steel worker \$2,000 in wages and resulted in a loss of 277 million man-hours of production.

The workers were certainly off that length of time. But did they really lose pay or production? Or would they have been laid off an equivalent period if there had not been a strike?

Harvard professor E. Robert Livernash, who made a 317-page study of steel strikes for the Department of Labor, wrote that "high production before and after the strike usually compensates for the shutdown. . . . The public interest has not been seriously harmed by strikes in steel, or by collective bargaining, despite common belief to the contrary." Former Republican Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell noted that "past steel strikes have left no permanent scars on the economy, have had minimal effects on wages and prices."

Time magazine—no great friend of labor—agreed with these estimates. It said: "Close study of the economic indicators, even during the long 1959 strike, showed little effect of the strike on final sales." (Italics mine.)

What happened was that the companies stepped up production before the strike, and later after it was over. Steel

users did not have to do without. They stocked up adequately before the walk-out and replenished dwindling supplies immediately afterward.

If there had been no strike, there would have been hundreds of thousands of men on layoffs and short work weeks—as there were in the nonstrike year 1960. Statistics indicate that there is absolutely no correlation between strikes and production. Steel output in the strike year of 1959 was actually 8 million tons higher than in the nonstrike year of 1958, and only 5½ million tons less than in 1960. During the strike year 1956 the industry produced 115 million tons; during the nonstrike year 1960 it produced only 99 million.

What is true in an industry-wide walk-out is even more true when it affects only one company or a part of an industry. The particular company involved ordinarily loses profits (though not always). But our national economy is not affected one whit. The loss of business incurred by the struck firm is either made up before or after the strike, or taken up by another firm. For instance, during the Wilson meat-packing strike of 1959, competitors increased their business to take up the lag. There was no significant change in slaughter or output; it was merely done elsewhere. And there was no national meat shortage.

This situation prevails in almost all strikes. They hurt an individual company, but seldom the economy.

Stoppages tend to make big headlines in our conflict-oriented press. But of the 53,000 strikes from 1947 through 1959, only 268 involved 10,000 workers or more, and less than a dozen involved a whole industry—four of them in steel. Even in the auto industry, the big strikes have usually been against only one of the big three, while the other two continued to work and adequately made up for the production deficiency of the struck firm.

What is more, strikes and the wage increases therefrom do not necessarily raise prices. Dr. Livernash, as reported in the press, "discounts the widely held belief that steel settlements are a major factor in pushing the wage-price spiral higher."

We tend to forget the old doctrine we learned in school that prices are determined by supply and demand. Naturally when wages go up, an employer *wants* to boost prices, but if demand is weak he must yield to the pressures of the market. Most economists today concede that prices in the major industries go up only because they are *administered*—because there is an element of collusion to raise them. The major industries set prices in such a way that even when demand is small there are adequate profits.

Here again it is not strikes that cause inflation, but administered prices and the failure of our economy to grow rapidly enough.

THE late W. S. Woytinsky, a highly respected economist, estimated that the nation lost 500 billion dollars of production in the 12-year period up to 1959. Our rate of growth tapered off from 4½ percent a year to 2 percent and less. It was not strikes that cut production, but the inability of our nation to use *all* its productive facilities. It is estimated today that one quarter of our plant is unused and in steel 40 to 45 percent. We just have not organized the private and public purchasing power to keep that plant rolling. Our recessions were not in the least affected, one way or the other, by strikes.

Perhaps the most disturbing feature of the thesis that "strikes hurt the economy" is its implications. The public has been conditioned to believe that *unreasonable unions* are to blame for strikes. But is it not just as fair to say that strikers walk out because employers refuse to share the benefits of increased productivity with them?

American workers are not capricious. They don't like to lose wages walking up and down in front of their plant. If they do strike, it is for a good reason. It is not true that they are at the mercy of "unscrupulous labor bosses." In most unions the so-called bosses are far more conservative than their members. They

seek to avoid conflict rather than curry it. For rank-and-file members a strike is a desperate measure to gain important objectives. For a conservative union leader it only means more work and more trouble. Everyone in labor-management relations knows that top union officials are far more disposed to "settle things"—*not* to strike—than lower ones or the membership.

Furthermore, the vast majority of unions provide for a democratic vote before any strike can be called. In the auto union, for example, the vote is by secret ballot and unless the strike gets a two-thirds majority it cannot be called. In an overwhelming number of cases strikes do have popular support. Where they don't they soon crumble.

How important unions and strikes have been to American workers can be gauged by what happens in unorganized industries. In agriculture, where there are 2 million nonunion employees (more than in basic steel, auto, and railroads combined), the average wage is only 91 cents an hour, average workdays a year are only 139, and average earnings are less than \$900 a year. This is a glaring example, admittedly, but the same can be said of many other unorganized industries.

Employers just don't give wage increases or other benefits too easily. They are far from guiltless in forcing workers out on strike.

If we really want to cut down on strikes, we ought to take positive measures to increase economic justice. We ought to increase minimum wages, extend union benefits to unorganized workers, speed up the processes of the National Labor Relations Board, provide a labor court to arbitrate grievances quickly, include agricultural workers and intrastate employees under the protection of the law.

Let us have positive improvements, not negative restrictions. Would those who say that "strikes hurt the economy" prefer it if work stoppages (and free unions) were made illegal, and companies could set wage rates on their own? Would they prefer it if the Government set wage scales (and then prices, and production standards)? I'm quite sure that most such people are opposed to "Government meddling." I suspect what they want is the first alternative—a low wage standard and unilateral wage setting by management.

The right to strike—and its use—is a bastion of the democratic way of life. On occasion it may inconvenience the consumer; and it certainly is a test of strength that may hurt an individual employer. But it is also a test of freedom and it in no way injures our economy. Let the dictators shout that "strikes hurt our economy." We Americans know better.

Odd Shots

Can you match this photograph for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*. If used, the "odd shot" will bring you \$3. But remember—it must be different!



If you "Desire" to go to "Paradise" or "Panic," you go in the same direction from this point on a Pennsylvania highway. Ingram, Pa., Rotarian Kyle A. Nolf made this photo-note of it.



A sign that is self-explanatory made its impact on O. W. Hayes, of Temple, Tex., on his automobile trip through Maine. He recorded it on a film.



Their intent has often been suspected, but shown here is the proof. Robert M. Lingo, a West Topeka, Kans., Rotarian, spotted it in his home State.

Opinion

FROM LETTERS, TALKS
ROTARY PUBLICATIONS

Businessman's Prayer

LEONARD A. MAGNUSON, *Rotarian*
Hardware Manufacturer
Jamestown, New York

I think Rotarians will be interested in the following *Businessman's Prayer*, for it sort of has a Rotary feeling in it. The author is unknown.

BUSINESSMAN'S PRAYER

Slow me down, Lord! Ease the pounding of my heart by the quieting of my mind. Steady my hurried pace with a vision of the eternal reach of time.

Give me, amid the confusion of the day, the calmness of the everlasting hills. Break the tensions of my nerves and muscles with the soothing music of the singing streams that live in my memory. Help me to know the magical, restoring power to sleep.

Teach me the art of taking minute vacations—of slowing down to look at a flower, to chat with a friend, to pat a dog, to read a few lines from a good book.

Remind me each day of the fable of the hare and the tortoise, that I may know that the race is not always to the swift—that there is more to life than increasing its speed. Let me look upward into the branches of the towering oak and know that it grew slowly and well.

Slow me down, Lord, and inspire me to send my roots deep into the soil of life's enduring values, that I may grow toward the stars of my great destiny.

You Are Rotary

ROBERT W. ANNIS, *Rotarian*
Sign Distributor
Reno, Nevada

The following poem I dedicated to Rotary's 1960-61 President, J. Edd McLaughlin, and his theme for the year:

YOU ARE ROTARY

Let's turn to "grass roots" thinking
For YOU are Rotary, says Edd.
It's the individual in each Club,
The reason we move ahead.

Our individual actions
As we live Rotary each day,
Through friendship and understanding
Is surely the better way.

YOU can be the link
That binds us one and all.
YOU the special brick
That helps hold up the wall.

The wall representing Rotary,
The brick your membership.
Bound together firmly
With the mortar of fellowship.

Dedicated to service,
On this we firmly stand.
Eagerly reaching out
To shake an outstretched hand.

Building bridges of friendship
Across land and sea.
Rotary means a way of life
For men like YOU and me.

'Richly Rewarding When Applied'

JAMES L. SULLIVAN, *Rotarian*
Electrical-Equipment Manufacturer
Scotia, New York

Consider the application of The Four-Way Test to the "eat and run" or "no show" Rotarian:

1. Is it the truth? The excuse he uses for leaving early or not attending at all. Is he really that busy that he can't plan

on remaining at or attending his Rotary meeting for one and a half hours a week?

2. Is it fair to all concerned? His speakers generously give of their time to entertain him. Is his consideration so shallow and his appreciation so poor that he can't evidence the common courtesy of attendance and attention? Does he think so little of the dedication of his officers that he fails to offer 90 minutes of loyalty, once a week, for their continuous efforts in his behalf?

3. Will it build goodwill and better friendships? Consider him as being entertained by a host who fails to show up or leaves early. His Club is his host, and he is the Club. No friendship can be fostered that he doesn't cultivate as a friend.

4. Will it be beneficial to all concerned? His fellow Rotarians, his visitors and guests, and he, if he leaves early or fails to make up, all suffer.

The Four-Way Test is meaningful and richly rewarding when applied. Attendance is a fruitful application.—From *Rotalette*, publication of the Rotary Club of Scotia, New York.

They Are Just People!

GLEN I. BIDWELL, M.D., *Rotarian*
Retired Physician
Catalina (Tucson), Arizona

If we were to live a life of friendly understanding as a family, as a community, as a state, or as a nation, we must learn to cooperate one with the other and be willing to give and take among ourselves; for the secret of living together as friendly neighbors is where each will accept and exercise his individual responsibilities; as the destiny of our nation either good or bad remains within the individual today just as it has always done since the first pioneer set foot upon our shore. We cannot cast this burden on a friend or upon a multitude of friends, as the burden rests squarely on the shoulders of each of us as a free citizen in a free country; if we accept the benefits of freedom, we must accept the responsibilities which go with a free people or our freedom will soon be taken away from us. Always remember that communities, states, and nations are just people!—From an address before the Rotary Club of Benson, Arizona.

Root of Freedom's Genius

MRS. J. J. RUFF
Pasadena, California

It is not a conscience-soothing lesson, this cosmopolitan understanding which comes from receiving brilliant foreign scholars into our gadget-laden suburban homes. It is a humbling experience.

The joy is to know that these foreign visitors—potential world leaders—understand even better than we do our-

selves that refrigerators and cars are only the blossoms of freedom's energy, not the seeds nor the root, nor even the fruit. The fruit, they say, has not yet ripened. The seeds of freedom, they say, were planted in the Mediterranean countries—many, many centuries before we were born.

When we ask how they can be so politely patient with our preoccupation with arranging and rearranging the blossoms while the world hungers for the fruit, they laugh at us kindly but ruefully—much as a father might laugh at his beloved but perennially adolescent son. Our American impatience with the status quo, they say, is the root of



"It's O.K., Pop. The door's open."

freedom's genius. A young, voracious, vital root it is—spreading from us throughout the world, and even now into outer space.

Building as we do upon each other's glory, and suffering as we do from each other's shame, it is a joyous jolt to learn precisely what it is that our foreign brothers wish us to keep for them. Something no refrigerator can preserve! They need, above all, picture-writings to cross the language barriers of illiteracy; not pictures of our shame, but pictures delineating our superb techniques for nourishing and pruning this ancient tree of freedom.

It is as though these scholarly, patient foreign guests are pleading with Emerson: "Catch thy breath, America, and correct thyself."

'It Is in the Striving We Impress'

RAYMOND V. NAJARIAN, *Attorney*
President, Rotary Club
Wilmette, Illinois

It is not given to all to make permanent impressions; it is only the wish of all to make them. But because we cannot do everything with lasting success, it does not follow, in my logic, that we should not strive to do something, however fleeting.

That is the technique and conviction of a Rotarian. We, being human, cannot

expect to achieve everything great, but we can do something, however small. The greatness is in the knowledge that we can strive to do that little something together.

Wherefore, it is in the striving that we express our highest joy. It is in the striving that we achieve our ideals. It is in the striving that we gain that greatness which Rotary promises to all. As in every other effort in life, it is in the striving that we impress ourselves indelibly in time. The attainment is only incidental.

Intangibles of Rotary

KLEIN MAZLIN, *Rotarian*
Department-Store Manager
Cairns, Australia

In terms of *human understanding* our world association of business and professional men, together with their brothers in other service clubs and in other organizations with similar ideas, is a splendid base from which to operate in an endeavor to build bridges of friendship, to stimulate international understanding and goodwill, and to achieve a just and lasting peace.

In terms of *human tolerance* we in Rotary know no bar to color, creed, or race—we are taught to respect the usages, manners, and customs of people in our own and other lands, to try to understand their way of thinking, and to see their point of view.

In terms of *human dignity* we stand for the divine right of the individual,

the sanctity of human life, and the application of the Four Freedoms.

In terms of *human charity* we have the opportunity to help the poor and needy, the hungry and homeless, the sick and afflicted, the persecuted and oppressed; to concern ourselves with man's inhumanity to man and the relief of human suffering and distress.

In terms of *human ethics* we are taught to observe the Golden Rule, to be scrupulously fair in our personal and business relationships.

In terms of *human friendship* our Rotary Clubs are a vast form of friendship, where we can get acquainted with our own townspeople, with visitors from other towns and States; where we can find our opportunity to extend our hand in friendship to others.

These are the intangibles of Rotary.—
From a Rotary Club address.

Needed: An Awareness of Liberty

LT. COL. GUNTHER E. HARTEL
Headquarters, First U. S. Army
New York, New York

No security measures will ever stop some people from turning toward Communism as an outlet for their frustrations—no more than you can stop some people from becoming alcoholics. Communism is a sickness of the mind and not a political philosophy. The defense against Communism requires resistance against anything designed to subvert the human conscience.

It takes an aggressive attitude of rea-

Best Wishes, Margaret!

AS any top executive will affirm, one of his greatest assets is the loyal and efficient secretary whose work makes his own effectiveness possible.

To eight Presidents of Rotary International, that secretary has been Margaret Nash, whose sweet temper and Irish wit have complemented her mul-

titudinous other qualities and eased many a Presidential task. Past Presidents Warren, Lagueux, Brunnier, Taylor, Lang, Randall, Thomas, and McLaughlin each testified to that.

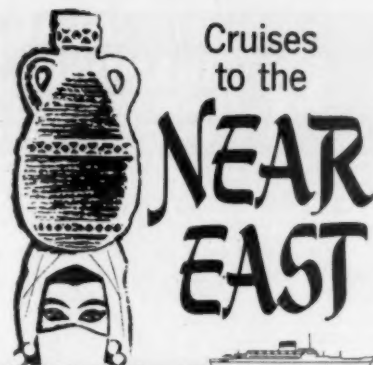
Now Margaret has retired after 37 years in the employ of Rotary International. In addition to her work with the Presidents, she has served in the Central Office as a stenographer and typist, in Magazine Circulation, in the Program Department, on special research and library projects, and in Service to District Governors and Clubs of both hemispheres. A native of County Clare, Ireland, who attended college and worked in Hull, England, before joining the Rotary International staff, she has returned to Ireland for a long visit with family and friends. But in Evanston, among her co-workers, and in fact in all the countless places of the Rotary world her service has touched, a bright record remains.

Best wishes, Margaret, and thanks!



Margaret Nash

AUGUST, 1961



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soning by individual people to prevent the cheapening of truth and ethics. Free citizens must have an awareness of the liberty for which they have a responsibility. Any attempt to dull this spirit must be vigorously opposed. However, we must be on guard also not to make accusations, unless we have determined that the Communist attitudes of an individual constitute a threat to the community of free people. But most impor-

tant is the education of our young people in understanding Communism. Everything the Communists do has the purpose of pushing their totalitarian program one step closer to world domination. It takes people with free minds and deep convictions in personal liberty to place bulwarks in the path of Communism.—From an address before the Rotary Club of Queens Borough, New York.

Your Letters

[Continued from page 3]

must and will prevail to find and to promote a common understanding to allay suspicion and doubt.

My visit to Canada last year left an everlasting impression of a country characteristically determined to be self-reliant, and as far as possible to loosen the shackles of restraint and implied bondage with the U.S.A., or any country. In common with modern trend, Canada is intending to weld her own economy into a chain of unbreakable links which shall withstand the test of time. She is equally anxious to identify herself with the vast progress of the States, and in the process to adopt like measures employed to achieve success! Can anyone blame her? Of course not! In that context, Canada's methods may well be misunderstood.

—FRANCIS B. WILLMOTT
Ring-Gear Manufacturer
Birmingham, England

Program Well Described

May we take this opportunity to commend THE ROTARIAN for its efforts to inform the public regarding the growing family-care method for treatment of the mentally ill. Elsie McCormick described the program well in her article *Family Care for the Mentally Ill* in THE ROTARIAN for February.

—ROBERT L. ELMER
Family Care Supervisor
Veterans Administration Hospital
Knoxville, Iowa

'Something Remarkable'

In *Rotary Foundation Builders* in THE ROTARIAN for June, mention is made of the new Rotary Club of Broomhall, Pennsylvania, which attained 100 percent Rotary Foundation status on its charter night. This is really commendable and deserved mention.

Incidentally, as Governor of Rotary District 310 for 1960-61, I had the newly sponsored Clubs of Hardoi and Saharanpur in my District. Both put in their 100 percent Rotary Foundation contributions along with their applications for admission to membership in Rotary In-

ternational. In an economically not too sound country like ours it is really something remarkable that they should do this. The news will inspire and encourage many others in this part of the world.

—S. JAIPURIA, Rotarian
Cotton-Goods Manufacturer
Kanpur, India

Re: Tagore Centenary

We Rotarians of India have read with real interest Amiya Chakravarty's *India's 'Universal Man'* [THE ROTARIAN for May], for it appeared at a time when the life of Rabindranath Tagore is being celebrated throughout the nation.

In the Rotary Club of Roorkee we observed the centenary with a dance drama organized for us by Rathindranath Tagore, son of the great poet. Titled *Bhanu Shingher Padabali*, it depicts the love of Radha and Krishna, and was written by the poet when he was only



Rathindranath Tagore, son of poet.

17. The function was attended by about 2,000 people in the University Open Air Theater. The photo shows Rathindranath Tagore addressing the audience.

—DINESH MOHAN, Rotarian
Building Research Institute Director
Roorkee, India

A Gesture of Friendship

A SCUFFED brown leather flying boot, for 20 years a souvenir of war, has played a part in the world's quest for international understanding.

Through efforts of the Rotary Club of Southside Tulsa, Oklahoma, it was recently returned to Japan, the land of its origin.

The story begins on the morning of December 7, 1941, when Japanese planes struck the Kaneohe Air Field near Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Walter E. ("Gene") Looney, now a Tulsa insurance agent, saw three Zeros go down, two into the sea. The other, trailing a plume of smoke, plunged into a near-by mountain.

Looney, then a Navy aviation machinist's mate, picked up a boot and several rounds of ammunition when he reached the crash scene. Later he watched the interment of the pilot, who was buried with full military honors.

The boot, a souvenir of war, was brought home by Looney and practically forgotten until last Summer when the Japanese wife of a young Tulsa serviceman, Mrs. Atusko Wynkoop, translated the Japanese characters inside the boot. They revealed that the plane had been piloted by Lieutenant Colonel Futsata Iida, a squadron leader of the Imperial Japanese Navy.

"I wonder if Colonel Iida has relatives

who would like to have this boot," Looney asked Mrs. Wynkoop.

After discussing the matter with her father-in-law, Rotarian Charles N. Wynkoop, of Tulsa, she wrote a letter to the Japanese Red Cross seeking information about the pilot's relatives. Shortly afterward there came a reply from the Japanese Red Cross, and one from Mrs. Kikuyo Iida, of Yamaguchi, Japan, wife of a cousin of the late Colonel Iida.

"Thank you for telling me of the circumstances involving his death," she wrote. "The news of Colonel Iida was spread nation-wide, and personal condolences were expressed by thousands of people to the family, and never for a single day have they failed to think of him.

"Being his mother's only son, he was the sole recipient of his mother's love, and thus his death hurt her deeply. But after the war she felt that his death was part of the foundation or beginning of the peace of Japan; as time passed, she took pride in this belief, so her pain and sorrow were lessened, and in August, 1954, she joined her son in eternal sleep.

"I know that if she could read the letter I received today from Mrs. Wynkoop, she would be most happy and grateful, so I placed the letter on the altar and prayed for the soul of mother and son. . . . I would be most anxious to accept your kind offer and receive the personal effects. And I would be very happy if we could continue our correspondence."

The boot was packaged and mailed the next week.

"We welcome this splendid opportunity to help build a bridge of friendship between this country and Japan," said Frank P. Hoover, President of the Rotary Club of Southside Tulsa, when formally receiving the boot from Mr. Looney for shipment to Japan.

—JON LAWRENCE

A souvenir of the attack on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii — a flying boot — was returned to relatives of the dead Japanese pilot recently through efforts of the Rotary Club of Southside Tulsa, Okla. Club President Frank P. Hoover (right) and Walter E. Looney, a Tulsa resident who recovered the boot in 1941, read a letter from the wife of the pilot's cousin.



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At Your Leisure

Hobbies, sports, adventure—how Rotarians relax.

A WORLD WAR II "Victory Garden" was the inspiration for the flowery surroundings of Cleveland, Ohio, Rotarian Allen H. Frost, who tells Cleveland newspaperman David H. Brown the following story of his leisure-time interest.

IN 1942, with World War II in its early stages, six neighbor couples joined me in a project which we called a "Victory Garden." My wife and I had moved into a new home the year before, and I suppose that I must have felt not only an urge to put a bit of myself into our new environment, but also a desire to do something to express my hope for the outcome of the global struggle in which my country was engaged.

When the "Victory Garden" project was completed in 1943, I had become so devoted to it that I took an option on the lots and then bought them in 1945. Since then, gardening has been my major leisure-time activity. A garden expert helped in designing a layout (it is still the same), and in 1946 planting was begun.

In time it became quite a project. People began stopping by to view the various varieties of flowers. We even had visitors from other parts of the world. There were a Tunisian police inspector and men and women from India, Egypt, Japan, China, and Yugoslavia. For three years we were proud to be included as one of the stops of an area garden tour, even though we do not consider our garden as an exhibit. Also,

officers from a national men's garden club honored us with a visit, as well as representatives of a prominent seed firm. I received several awards. I was elected president of the Businessmen's Garden Club of Greater Cleveland in 1949-50.

One of the prizes I received was for the lighting I devised to bring out the colors of the flowers at night. For this I use nearly 40 colored light bulbs, and the wiring is underground. It makes for a lovely sight after dark.

In all, I have more than 150 kinds of roses, and many varieties of fruits and vegetables, from standard watermelons to midget ones. In spite of that, only 50 pounds of fertilizer is used during a season, thanks to a large compost storage in a back-yard bin. Of course, after some time it became impossible to do all the work myself. I first hired an assistant, who helped me on Sundays, and now a regular crew of three does the work that I cannot complete.

Every morning my wife goes out to clip dead blossoms. She does this during the whole season, which lasts from the

The flowery surroundings of Rotarian and Mrs. Allen H. Frost (right) grew out of a World War II Victory Garden project. . . . (Below) A night view.



last snowfall until severe frost. Somehow I have been able to avoid becoming a slave to the garden, which is perhaps the reason why both my wife and I enjoy it so much. But the greatest pleasure of all is to see people stop by and admire the plants. It's like sharing some happiness with others.

What's Your Hobby?

No matter what your hobby bent is—flower arranging, tea-leaf reading, collecting unusual mountain ranges—it's more interesting if someone else you know is like-minded. So if you would like your name listed below—that is, if you are a Rotarian or a Rotarian's wife or child—just drop a note to THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM and he will take care of the rest. All he asks are your patience (there are hundreds of hobbyists awaiting listing) and acknowledgment of correspondence which may come your way. Also, please list the Rotary Club of your affiliation.

Stamps: Anne E. Hurrey (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange), 51 Must St., Portland, Vic., Australia.

Knitting Patterns: Mrs. Adolph Pokorny (wife of Rotarian—collects knitting patterns; will exchange), 805 Chicago St., Schuyler, Nebr., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: The following have indicated interest in having pen friends:

Heather Collier (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen friends in Switzerland, Germany, France, The Netherlands; interested in swimming, modern music and dancing, Girl Guides, sports), P. O. Box 14, Forster, N.S.W., Australia.

Virginia Andrews de Peralta (daughter of Rotarian—desires to correspond with young people aged 16-24 in Europe, Asia, Latin America; likes outdoor sports, stamp and shell collecting, dramatics), 9 San José, San Francisco del Monte, Quezon, Philippines.

Satyra Shankar (17-year-old son of Rotarian—interests include stamps, sports, art, music, literature), % D. B. G. Tilak, Near Town Hall, Tanuku, W. G. Dt., Andhra, India.

D. S. Murty (16-year-old son of Rotarian—interests include stamps, music, drawing, sports, view cards), % D. B. G. Tilak, Tanuku, W. G. Dt., Andhra, India.

Steve Shapiro (15-year-old son of Rotarian—wants pen friends outside U.S.A.; likes photography, stamps, sports), 609 Beechwood Dr., Wooster, Ohio, U.S.A.

Janet Pokorny (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—enjoys dancing, drawing, sports, dogs, cheer leading, knitting, music), 805 Chicago St., Schuyler, Nebr., U.S.A.

Pauline Pettit (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wants pen friends in Europe; letters may be written in French, Spanish, German; interested in horses, piano, organ), P. O. Box 1302, Chelan, Wash., U.S.A.

Norma Dee (19-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends outside Philippines; interests include cultures, Perry Mason's mysteries; will give or exchange stamps and postcards; will correspond in English, Spanish, Chinese), 47 Gardiner St., Lucena, Philippines.

Carol Parr (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen friends aged 10-12 in France and Philippines; likes classical music, piano, singing, ballet), P. O. Box 165, Lebanon, Ind., U.S.A.

Perlita Dy. Imperial (18-year-old daughter of Rotarian—seeks pen friends from other countries; collects pencils and stickers), Sierra Madre Residence Hall, University of the Philippines, Diliman, Philippines.

Karen Egbert (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen friend from Switzerland and The Netherlands; plays clarinet and piano; likes swimming and stamp collecting), 10 Indian Lane, Tiffin, Ohio, U.S.A.

Joanne Abbot (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wants pen friends aged 16-19 in U.S.A., Sweden, France; interests include motion pictures, popular songs, exchanging newspapers and magazines), P. O. Box 131, Opotiki, New Zealand.

Mary McGee (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes French- or English-speaking pen friends outside U.S.A.; plays the clarinet and enjoys swimming, skating, popular music; collects salt and pepper shakers), Helen St., Jamesville, N. Y., U.S.A.

Betsy Lytton (10-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen friends outside U.S.A.; interested in horses, Girl Scouts, ballet), 309 Forest Dr., Humboldt, Tenn., U.S.A.



"Money brings no happiness, Mayo—and while I am quite willing to increase your income, I am not willing to increase your unhappiness!"

Josefina Z. Oesio (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends in Japan, U.S.A., India, Australia, Mexico; collects stamps, postcards, coins, dolls), 123 Quezon Ave., Cotabato, Philippines.

Mary Reardon (daughter of Rotarian—would like pen friends in Ireland, France, India; interested in horses and stamps), 110 Government Rd., Riverview, N. B., Canada.

Geraldine Reardon (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen friends in India, Japan; interests include home economics, reading), 110 Government Rd., Riverview, N. B., Canada.

Dennis DeLaet (13-year-old son of Rotarian—seeks pen friends outside U.S.A.; hobbies are Boy Scouts, coin and stamp collecting, geology), 138 Bonita Dr., Dayton 15, Ohio, U.S.A.

Mrs. W. K. Beattie (wife of Rotarian—desires pen friends in Switzerland and The Netherlands; particularly interested in their customs, especially around holidays, and their cooking), 504 N. Main St., Souderton, Pa., U.S.A.

Maryjane Gleason (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes English-speaking pen friends aged 17-20 outside U.S.A.; likes music, dancing, water sports), 1426 Sumner Ave., Schenectady 9, N. Y., U.S.A.

Suresh Datt (16-year-old son of Rotarian—collects stamps, coins, picture postcards; enjoys music, photography, swimming), Mitha Fur, Sita Saren Lane, Patna, India.

Amar Datt (12-year-old son of Rotarian—collects stamps, coins, picture postcards, autographs; likes riding and baseball), Mitha Fur, Sita Saren Lane, Patna, India.

Poornima Somani (8-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires pen friends; collects dolls, picture cards, picture magazines, comics, will exchange; enjoys drawing and photography), "Shriniketan," 99, Marine Dr., Bombay 2, India.

Gaye Bell (9-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen friends from U.S.A. and Australia; aged 9-10; enjoys sports, dogs, horses), 20 Hingaroy St., Sunshine W. 20, Melbourne, Vic., Australia.

S. Waheed Ullah (16-year-old son of Rotarian—collects stamps and likes cricket and photography; will exchange stamps and photos), % Jamal Uddin I.T.O., 91-B-VII Civil Lines, Montgomery, Pakistan.

Lisa Sairanen (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes English- or German-speaking pen friends from outside Europe; interested in books, films, jazz, tennis, swimming), Lapua, K.O.P., Finland.

Kathleen Corkin (daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends aged 11-12 outside U.S.A.; hobbies are stamp collecting, horses, swimming, ice skating), 402 S. Lansing St., St. Johns, Mich., U.S.A.

Paula Lynn Moeller (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen friends aged 12-16 in Europe, Asia, Africa; likes golf, tennis, skating, swimming, baseball, football,

piano), 14 Holly Rd., Wheeling, W. Va., U.S.A.

Joseph Grasmick (11-year-old son of Rotarian—would like pen friends in Hawaii and Alaska and in other lands; collects stamps and coins and enjoys science, music, Boy Scouts), 637 Whedbee St., Fort Collins, Colo., U.S.A.

MacArthur G. Orendan (18-year-old son of Rotarian—welcomes all pen friends; interested in books, jazz, painting, stamp collecting), P. O. Box 1974, Manila, Philippines.

Nancy Wickens (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wants a pen friend in France, Italy, Japan, or Scandinavia; collects stamps; likes sewing), P. O. Box 535, Baldwin, Mich., U.S.A.

Merelyn Garland (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen friends her age outside Australia; interests are stamps, Girl Guides, sports, china animals), Parkville H.N., N.S.W., Australia.

D. Krishnamurthy (12-year-old son of Rotarian—seeks pen friends in England, Ireland, Philippines; enjoys sports, stamp collecting, photography, postcards), 2/28, Edward Elliotts Rd., Mylapore, Madras 4, India.

Susan Jones (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends aged 14-15 in Switzerland or Ireland; interested in piano, swimming, dancing, cooking), 2 Eastern Ave., Woburn, Mass., U.S.A.

Shannon Green (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in music, dogs, movie-star pictures), 117 Fairfield Ave., Bastrop, La., U.S.A.

N. Lakshmi (11-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like to have pen friends outside Asia; hobbies are singing, dancing, art, album making), 2/102 Rose St., Fort Cochin, India.

N. Shankar (16-year-old son of Rotarian—would like to have pen friends outside India; hobbies are cricket, badminton, table tennis, politics, stamp collecting), 2/102 Rose St., Fort Cochin, India.

Margaret A. Clinch (20-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends outside Australia; collects stamps and postcards; likes to exchange information of various countries), 85 Willoughby Rd., Crows Nest, N.S.W., Australia.

Sudhir Kumar Khanna (18-year-old son of Rotarian—likes skating, movies, rock 'n' roll, autographs), % Dr. Kundan Lal, G. T. Rd., Ghaziabad, India.

Gail Susan Propp (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—seeks pen friends in Ireland and France; interested in piano, Girl Scouts, sports, hiking, dancing), 3127 N. Sheridan Rd., Peoria, Ill., U.S.A.

Jack Wells (15-year-old son of Rotarian—would like American, Spanish, or Mexican pen friends aged 14-16; interests are swimming, music, tennis, radio, collecting newspaper banners [such as the top strips on newspapers, like New York Times, etc.]), 21 Tanager Ave., Leaside, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Deborah E. Buck (10-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends outside U.S.A.; enjoys ballet, reading, pets), 2254 70th N.E., Bellevue, Wash., U.S.A.

Anna Thompson (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interests include horses, swimming, skating, music, dancing), 61 S. Main St., Washburn, Me., U.S.A.

Scott Reichenberg (11-year-old son of Rotarian—wants pen friend aged 10-11 near Cypress Gardens, Fla., U.S.A.; collects stamps and enjoys water skiing, boat riding), 137 Great Rd., Woonsocket, R. I., U.S.A.

Patricia Weavers (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wants pen friends aged 12-14; interested in roller skating, tennis, ping pong, camping, Girl Scouts), 1023 Pennoyer Ave., Grand Haven, Mich., U.S.A.

Barbara Weavers (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes correspondents aged 11-13 interested in tennis, sewing, camping, art, ping pong), 1023 Pennoyer Ave., Grand Haven, Mich., U.S.A.

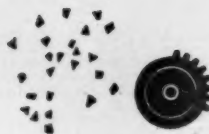
Robert Vogele (11-year-old son of Rotarian—would like pen friends outside U.S.A.; likes chess, backgammon, anthropology), Demeter Dr., Freeport, Ill., U.S.A.

Ellen Warfield (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen friends in France, Italy, England; enjoys piano and swimming and collects fashion books and popular records), Grand Ave., Reinerton, Pa., U.S.A.

Carol Warfield (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interests are basketball, books, world history, Spanish language), Grand Ave., Reinerton, Pa., U.S.A.

Beverly Neilsen (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends in Mexico and Europe; hobbies are stamps, postcards, movie, popular music, sports), 41 Brougham St., Westport, New Zealand.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



STRIPPED GEARS

My Favorite Story

While waiting in a long line at the local supermarket, I couldn't help noticing the girl in the next line with two small children. She was loaded down with her week's family groceries. The woman behind her was becoming quite annoyed at the length of time it was taking this young mother. Finally the older woman said in a booming voice:

"You had your children awful close together, didn't you?"

A dead silence fell over the market! My heart went out to this young girl, but to my surprise she smiled and said, "Why, yes—eight minutes to be exact!"

—MRS. WESTON O. GRAVES

Wife of Rotarian
Swampscott, Massachusetts

THE ROTARIAN will pay \$5 to Rotarians or their wives for favorite stories. Send them to *Stripped Gears*, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Just This Once

Backward, turn backward,
Oh, time, in thy flight,
I've thought of a comeback
I needed last night!

—F. G. KERNAN

Punny Puzzle

This calls for a bit of addition. For example: Add a letter "to observe" (c—see) to get "something often found on the head" (hair) to get "something to sit on" (chair). Now go ahead:

1. Add a letter "an insect" to get "carnival entertainment" and get "a girl about to be married."
2. Add a letter "slang expression" to "storm" and get "a burial spot."
3. Add a letter "squeal when a female sees a mouse" to "gash" and get "clever."
4. Add a letter "printing standard" to "chief" and get "a month."
5. Add a letter "a bird" to "a relative" and get "to stroll."
6. Add a letter "a vegetable" to "to



"Well, the first thing she did was to write off for this genealogy chart."

rent!" and get "a polite word."

7. Add two letters "a lisp" to get "something used at a wedding" and get "several times."

8. Add a letter "an ocean" to "frost" and get "evil."

9. Add a letter "a Scotch river" to "a shelter" and get "daybreak."

10. Add a letter "building wings" to "slang for diamonds" and get "many tiny insects."

This quiz was submitted by Mrs. Ruth Nicholson, wife of an Albany, California, Rotarian.

The answer to this quiz will be found below.

Rarely Done

A most popular after-dinner speech
That would realize my wishes
Is one my guests don't often make . . .
"Please let us do the dishes."

—D. E. TWIGGS

The small boy rushed into the drug-store and panted: "Quick! My father's slipped on the ladder and is hanging by his britches from the porch roof."

"But what can I do about it?" asked the druggist.

"You can put a new roll of film in my camera."—*The Squeaky Wheel*, HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA.

The Navy has developed an electronic machine that can distinguish left from right. It's the business about port and starboard that blows the fuses.—*The Squeaky Wheel*, HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA.

Only one man in a million understands the international situation. Isn't it odd how we keep running into him?—*The Butterfly*, PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA.

"I'm really not late, boss," said the tardy secretary, hanging up her hat. "I just took my coffee break before coming in."—*The Sparta Spoke*, SPARTA, NEW JERSEY.

At the golden-wedding celebration of a peppery old member of the Stock Exchange another member came up and said, "Cyprus, I keep hearing all the women talk about what a fine and gentle husband you've been to your wife. It's very touching."

"Well, it's just in the last 40 years I've been that way," admitted the man.

Answer to Quiz

PUNNY PUZZLE: 1. B (bee), ride, bride, 2. G (gee), rave, 'GALL', 'cur', 3. E (see), cut, 4. M (em), arch, March, 5. J (jay), aunt, jaunt, 6. P (pee), lease, please, 7. Th (th), rice, thrice, 8. C (see), time, crime, 9. D (dee), awning, dawnink, 10. L (ell), ice, lice.

Printed in U.S.A.—W. F. Hall Printing Co.



"I intend to make your daughter the happiest girl in the world. We'll start off by giving her the biggest, the most lavish, and the most expensive wedding this town has ever seen!"

"Y'know, I've got quite a temper. The first year we were married, I once raised my hand against her. Well I just couldn't look her in the face for a week. By then, I could see a little out of one eye."—*Wall Street Journal*.

Limerick Corner

The Fixer pays \$5 for the first four lines of an original limerick, selected as the month's limerick-contest winner. Address him care of *The Rotarian Magazine*, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

This month's winner comes from Frederic Fadner, a Crawfordsville, Indiana, Rotarian. Closing date for last lines to complete it: October 15. The "ten best" entries will receive \$2.

DEAN'S MIEN

That man over there is our dean.
The old fish sure has a sour mien.
The guy flunked me one day
When he just heard me say:

"....."

SMILE THAT RILED

Here again is the bobtailed limerick presented in *The Rotarian* for April:

There was a young merchant named Pete,
His stock ran from dry goods to meat;
To the ladies he smiled—
While their husbands got riled—

"....."

Here are the "ten best" last lines:

And their comments were far from discreet.
(George Guy, member of the Rotary Club of Christchurch, New Zealand.)

But at least they got good things to eat.

(J. Stanley Lewis, member of the Rotary Club of Thomasville, Georgia.)

When their objections brought naught but defeat.

(Mrs. Wm. R. Woolley, wife of a Dinuba, California, Rotarian.)

And vowed that big smile they'd delete.

(Mrs. T. M. Towriss, mother of a Princeton, New Brunswick, Canada, Rotarian.)

At the way their wives fell at his feet.

(Mrs. W. H. Greer, wife of a Portadown, Northern Ireland, Rotarian.)

But with him they could not compete.

(Glenn Ewing, member of the Rotary Club of Shelburne, Ontario, Canada.)

And decided to trade down the street.

(Mrs. H. S. Humphreys, wife of a West Rutland, Vermont, Rotarian.)

Now all shopping's by MALE on that beat.

(Mrs. Wm. McCarthy, wife of a Pocatello, Idaho, Rotarian.)

And said things it ain't nice to repeat.

(Will Wirt, member of the Rotary Club of Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.)

His best friends right then were his iest.

(Mrs. Lyle M. Cassat, wife of a Clarinda, Iowa, Rotarian.)

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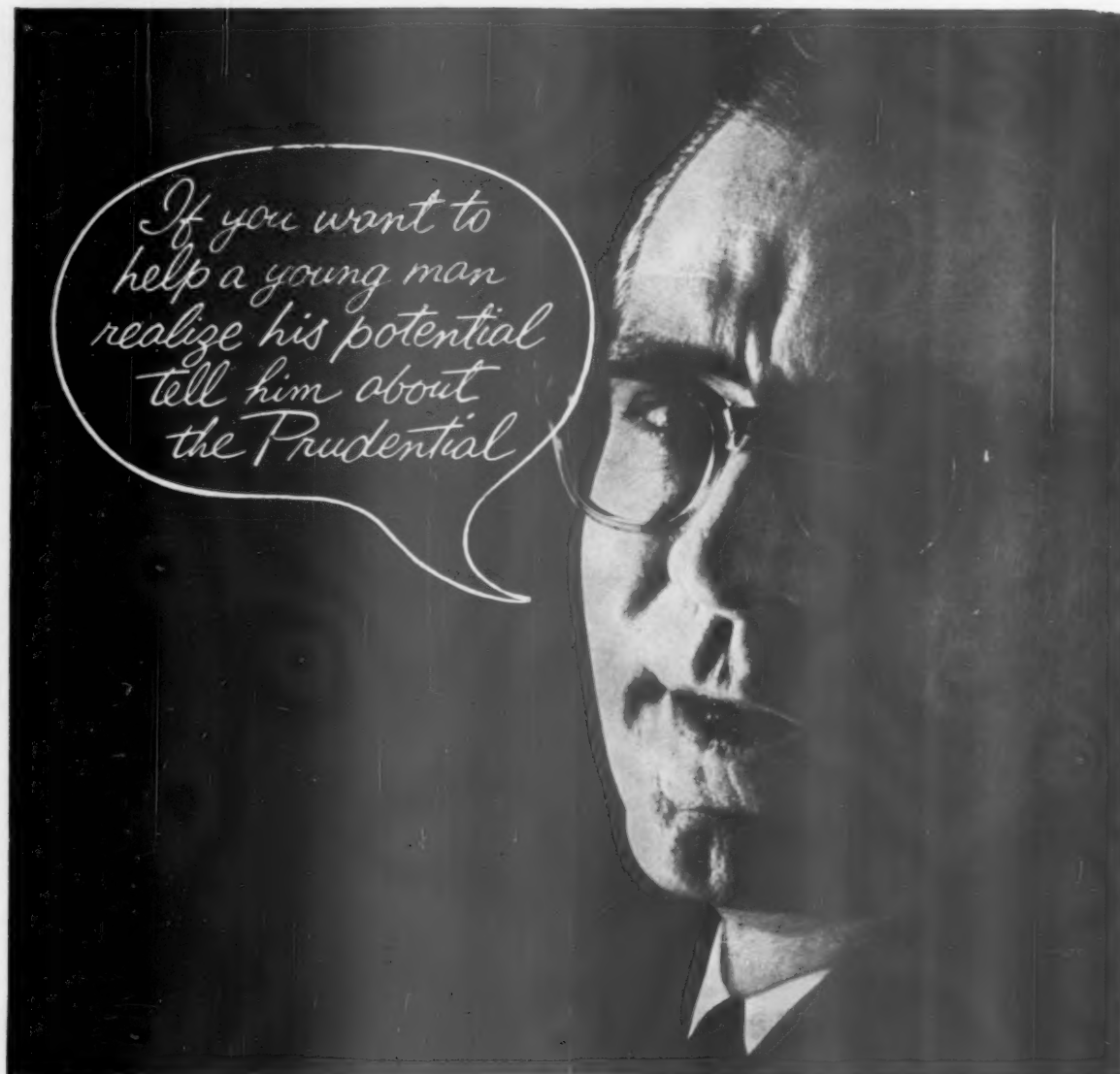
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